

one for every one we have

by Almostkitticide

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Summary: many different stories that are pretty much all Hijack :3
Romance, humor, bromance, all kinds :3 T for major flirting and quite
a few of swearing :) Some mentions of BunnyxHiccup and JackxPitch but
it's all gewd :3 pretty please for reviews! Beta'd by the Wonderful
Melting Angels :) Rating May be bumped for a few of the
chapters.

1. Boyce Avenue -- more things to say

Hey everybody! So it's been a while and I was sat in my new flat, bummed out cos I didn't get into uni and I had bills coming out of my ears, that I looked down to see my odd socks. Now this is normal for me and I couldn't help but giggle that I had one sock on that had snowflakes and the other had little leaves and spots of black and green. So immediately I assumed my socks ship hijack and decided that this would happen. This is just me deciding to find out how many songs I actually own and throwing hijack in with it :)

enjoy!

I'd like to say a massive thanks to Melting Angels who Beta'd this for me :3 she's written some amazing stuff too, like Prince of Atlantis.

I own nothing, not the songs, not jack nor hiccup. Wish I owned jack... we'd match. I had a little mishap with some bleach and now my hair is pretty much white... whoops!

Normal - story

_Italic - _Memory

_**Italic Bold -**_Lyrics

* * *

><p>chapter one. - Boyce avenue " have more things to say</p>

Night had fallen quickly over the small village of Berk. Darkness had descended rather quickly as it usually did in the height of winter's hold, bringing with it a harsh flurry of snow. A white-haired teen sighed, his thin arms wrapped around skinny, brown clad legs, bare toes clenched against the dark wood of the building roof he was sat against, oblivious to the cold around him. His striking blue eyes were downcast, slightly saddened, as snowflakes drifted down gently around him. A soft sniffle escaped him and he watched the window in the roof of the nearest house.

**You lost her, and now you're wishing you could take back what you did wrong.**

>_**You lost him._**

>_**How could he breathe with the pressure that you put on?_**

>_**How come being proud always feels so wrongâ€|when you hurt the one you love?_**

>_**But still you find a way to wonder why._

An auburn headed teen of around 16 was sat on a wooden bed, his back against the wall with arms wrapped around his dark green legs, one leg ending abruptly, silver prosthetic attached just below the knee, looking depressed, and troubled. A green tunic framed his small torso, and even from the distance, the white-haired teen could see the soft shaking as the boy either shivered from cold, or from the harsh sobs that racked his body. The blue eyes looked away as he thought back to the argument from earlier.

**Behind those walls that won't come downâ€|**

>_**I'm sure you had more things to say._**

>_**You're upside down and inside out, _

**'cos I'm sure you had more things to say.

_ "Hiccup!" a deerskin cloak, detailed with frost, ruffled in the wind as Jack landed gently next to the auburn haired boy, barely making a sound as his feet touched the cold ground._

_ "Hiccup, I've been looking everywhere for you! I didn't find you at the academy and no-one else had seen you either, we were supposed to go to the dragon island. Don't you remember? You wanted to make a map of how to get there for next time the dragons left."_

_ Hiccup didn't turn around, seemingly ignoring the other boy, stoic and silent, and Jack frowned slightly, upset that the only person who could see him was ignoring him._

_ "Hiccup what's going on with you? You've been ignoring me all week." the auburn haired teens back stiffened and Jack watched closely, worry starting to set in._

**When time passes by, you start to see how one word could have changed it all.**

>_**It's so much more than I, when foreign letters could

prevent this fall.**__**

>__**How come saying sorry comes so easily **_

**when you've had some time to grieve, **

**but still you find a way to wonderâ€|why?**

_ "I'm not in the mood for your games jack." Hiccup spoke 's shining blue eyes widened at the defeated tone of the other boy's voice, and a pale hand reached out to a green shoulder. Hiccup almost growled, for some reason slightly angered, as he was fixing something on the saddle of the black dragon, who had since ran off to play while his rider was busy. _

_ "You have to just deal with the fact that sometimes it's not all fun and games." Hiccup spoke softly. At the soft contact, Hiccup pulled away, and jack felt a lump form in his throat. _

_ "Hiccup what's wrong? Hic please, look at me." Jack pleaded. He flew upwards and stood in front of the teen, freezing as he saw the bruise on the other's face, the split and bloodied lip and the cut on his face, a contrast to the auburn haired teen's otherwise flawless skin, freckles hidden under the mosaic of bruises. A pale hand shot out to touch the Viking's face, but Hiccup turned his head away, as if he were ashamed. "Hiccup... what happened?" Jack asked followed the tentative question, and Jack felt his patience slipping away. "Hiccup please!" Jack tanned boy let out a frustrated cry, and threw the saddle to the ground; the stitching he was trying to repair sloppy, and coming loose as soon as it hit the floor_.

_**Behind those walls that won't come down, I'm sure you had more things to say.**__**

>__**You're upside down and inside out, 'cos I'm sure you had more things to say.**__**

>__**Oh, but there's always someone else to blame.**__**

>__**Oh, just look where that's got you now.**__**

>__**You tell yourself that it's ok, but I'm sure you had more things to say.**__**

>__

>"WHY?" The sudden shout startled the winter spirit, and the hand shot back to his chest. "Why do you care? You're not my dad, your not even real!" Jack felt his heart shatter, and bare feet touched down onto the snow. Tears began to well up in his ice blue eyes as the snow began to fall more heavily, reflecting the spirit's emotions.

_ "Hiccup what's gotten into you?" the small voice replied._

The Viking yelled out again, burnt and blistered hands gripping his hair in growing frustration.

_ "Hiccup, you... you usually tell me what's wrong, but... this week you're so quiet. What's going on?" The words spilled out, and Jack knew as soon as he spoke he'd made a mistake._

_ "IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" Hiccup shouted._

_Jack drew back slightly before gripping his staff, confused and more

than a little saddened._

_ "Well, maybe it is my business when the first time I see you properly in three days is in the middle of no-where, and you're covered in bruises and cut up!" Jack retorted._

_ **I'm so sureâ€|
>I'm so sure!__
>
>"Jackson! I'm telling you, leave, now." Hiccup spoke harshly.

_ Time seemingly froze, and everything stopped. The only movement was the steadily growing amount of snowflakes falling around them._

_ "No." Jack whispered. The Viking growled and his hands clenched and unclenched. "I'm your protector a-"

_ "I DONT NEED YOU!" Hiccup blurted._

_ The volume was incredible for such a small person, and the white haired boy winced, the clenching pain in his chest growing as Hiccup kept talking. The harshly spoken words didn't register with him until the other teen was walking away._

_ Amidst the anger, Jack heard the words 'leave me alone' and 'leave Berk', the most painful ones, ones he had never wanted to hear being 'don't talk to me', were drifting on the wind, and Jack's thin legs buckled, his knees hitting the snow, the soft fall of snowflakes now coming down as a blizzard._

Jack wiped his cheeks from the frozen, crystalline tears that were there, head buried in his arms as he shook. He would leave tonight. If that's what Hiccup wanted then he'd do it. He'd do anything for the crazy auburn haired boy.

After all, he couldn't help it.
>That's what love did.<p>

A sob tore itself from jack and his body shook as he cried hard, body wracked with his anguished cries.

Love was a cruel, bitter thing, it seemed. Jack stayed that way for a few more minutes, his head in his arms.

_ **Behind those wallsâ€|
>I'm so sureâ€|
I'm so sure!**_

Jack wasn't too sure how much time he spent crouched like that, but he knew that his neck hurt, and Hiccup was gone from his room. Red rimmed eyes looked around, noticing the thick piles of snow lay over the village.

Great.

He didn't intend on that. A flash of black to his right made him gasp, eyes narrowing as he tried to focus, his body felt weak and his chest hurt terribly as his heart slowly broke into a million pieces.

**Behind those walls that won't come down, I'm sure you had more things to say.**

>You're upside down and inside out, 'cos I'm sure you had more things to say._

The winter spirit thought back to how Hiccup would smile at him when he'd comment about an invention, even the ones that ended up hurting him eventually, completely at peace.

_**Butâ€|there's always someone else you blame.

>Oh, just look where that's got you now.
You tell yourself that it's ok, I'm sure you had more things to say.

>_

>He remembered the day he first found Hiccup crying.<p>

_He was in the cove, in a small crevice that Toothless couldn't get to, and even Jack had trouble getting into it, until the frost boy created ice to wedge the stones outward slightly. Stepping inside, Jack knelt next to Hiccup, and lifted his face gently in a show of affection, eyes hardening when he saw the deep cut on the boy's cheek. _

The winter boy gently cleaned the cut before covering it with gentle frost. It wasn't long after that the Viking broke down and told him everything. He told him about how it was like nothing had changed for him, he was still being beaten up, dragons being set upon him for a quick laugh, like a cruel game, and how the teen Vikings would gang up on him until the poor boy was barely conscious.

**If the walls in your head come crashing down, who will be there to lift you up?**

Jack just held him as he cried, offering what little comfort he could, being a spirit of winter and all, when Hiccup's sobs had finally died down, Jack lent down and gently kissed him, hands on either side of the young Viking's face, wiping away tears as he poured his emotions into the soft, tender, and heartfelt kiss. He told him that he cared, that he would always be there to protect him, until the green eyed boy told him otherwise, and that Hiccup was a thief as he'd stolen his frozen heart. He'd done something amazing and thawed his heart, thawed it for hiccup to haveâ€| if he wanted it.

The Viking had gone back that night as if nothing had ever happened.

**All I know is the mask is on your face, **

**'cos I'm sure you had more things to say.**

Jack groaned, and got ready to take off when a snowball hit him on the back of his head. The immortal teen yelped, startled, and spun around, freezing when he saw Hiccup stood on the opposite end of the roof, hand poised with another snowball, focused on him. Blue eyes bore into green, both were red rimmed and seemed glassy with unshed tears. It seemed as if they were just as fragile as each other, one wrong move potentially shattering the turned fully to face the Viking and tried to compose himself.

_**I'm sure you had more things to sayâ€|
>I'm sure you had more things to
sayâ€|_

"Hey."

**Fin**

* * *

><p>Hey guys so I hope you liked it! I'll admit, I've never really wrote a hijack, never mind any other yaoi kinda thing (yes I know there's no specific yaoi, just kissing but shush) so letting me know whatcha think'd be real nice :)</p>

there should be loads (and I mean loads) of these so I'm thinking about trying for one uploaded a day :)

Neko: out x

2. The Who - Wont get fooled again

Henrick 'Hiccup' |Haddock the third sighed, and closed his locker, his right hand slipping his badge onto the waist line of his trousers, slipping his gun into its holster on his left thigh. Auburn bangs were blown out of his face as his colleague flopped down beside him.

"Oh joy! Stoick's just informed me we've got a call out. Exactly what I need! A trip out into the 205 degree weather out there!"

Hiccup laughed fondly, and turned to the bulkier male behind him, grinning.

"Ah chill Fishlegs! We both knew this shit would happen when we came in today- oh wait... yesterday." he finished lamely, a yawn tugging it's self from his mouth, as Frank 'Fishlegs' Branson grumbled under his breath about terrible jokes and how everything was just terrible.

"Y'know Hiccup, you'd have more of a chance of getting out of here if you actually... you know.. slept?"

The smaller man laughed and tied his shoelaces, his boots on the bench beside Fishlegs. Due to it being too warm for his usual black suit that had earned him the title of 'Night Fury' by the youth of the streets, Hiccup had decided to opt for a green shirt and darker green jeans. It seemed that today was a day of informality throughout the whole lab, as Fishlegs wore a brown tank top, and black slacks, which was a strange style, but suited the man nonetheless.

"You two better hurry it up you know, little miss Princeton's getting angst-y."

The two men turned, and looked towards the door where a blonde was stood. The man's hair was rather long for a guy in Miami, but it was his thing it seemed. It suited the guy, so no one gave him any grief over it. Hiccup shook his head and smiled.

"Yeah yeah we're on it Tuffnut." Fishlegs smiled and stood up, his own badge and gun strapped to his waist.

"Where's Ruffnut?" the bulky man asked, causing the blonde to scowl.

"Called home to deal with the baby apparently. Man that guy she's with really annoys me. He treats her like trash." Tuffnut frowned, and cursed.

Hiccup smiled, and put a hand on Thomas 'Tuffnut' Thornston's shoulder, a difficult feat since the blond was almost a head taller than him.

"Don't worry about it Tuffnut, I'm sure your sister's fine. Besides, it's not like she can't just head-butt him if he gets out of line. You guys do it all the time at the office parties, and last time Snotlout joined in, remember you guys knocked him out! I doubt he's got a thicker skull than the self proclaimed ladies man, Dennis Jorgenson!" the blonde burst out laughing as Hiccup switched to a deeper voice, as if he were commentating on the WWE.

They walked out into the hallway, the harsh white light of led lights giving way to bright natural sunlight that made Hiccup hiss almost, the transition from artificial light to natural never ceasing to make his eyes hurt.

"Dude you didn't sleep last night did you." Came Tuffnut's voice, a hint of concern mixed in with his usual bored tone.

Hiccup groaned, and shook his head, a hand rubbing his face. He did not sleep well, but no way was he letting the others know that. He had a job to do!

"Here. You can borrow these. You know Astrid will kill you if she notices." Hiccup opened his green eyes to find a pair of shades in front of him. Hiccup smiled as he took them, slipping them onto his head.

"Thanks Tuffnut. I'll give them back at the end of shift." Hiccup thanked the taller man.

Tuffnut nodded and said his goodbyes, slipping into the analysis lab as Hiccup and Fishlegs continued on to the lobby. The duo soon reached it, and stopped. A blonde woman stood with her back to them. A light blue blouse framed her slim body, with black suit pants framing her almost perfect legs.

Fishlegs grinned as he saw her and Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Fish you know she's ridiculously strict with policy, why bother?" Hiccup rolled his eyes.

Fishlegs laughed and looked at the smaller male.

"Hey man, you may not dig that, but I certainly do!" Fishlegs laughed.

"Dig what Branson?"

Fishlegs froze and turned to see none other than Astrid Hofferson, with her arms crossed, standing in front of him. Fishlegs' mouth opened and closed a few times before Hiccup rolled his eyes once more.

"BBQ ribs. He seems to think they taste better with chilli and BBQ instead of just savouring the BBQ." Hiccup spoke up.

Grey eyes flicked to him, and Hiccup had to stop himself from flinching.

'Please don't notice! Please don't notice!' The mantra going through Hiccup's head was stopped short as Astrid smiled.

"We all know they're best with a beer and hot dog sauce!" Astrid grinned.

Hiccup let out a sigh of relief as she turned away, and elbowed Fishlegs in the ribs. The 31 year old grinned and a second later Hiccup felt his cell vibrate. He glanced at it to see a message from Fishlegs.

_ 'I owe you man!' _

Hiccup grinned and nodded at the older man, pocketing his phone again as Astrid began to speak.

"OK listen up you lot... where's Dennis?"

Hiccup blinked, he hadn't even realised the man was missing.

"Here! Miss me?" a muscled man appeared from the doorway, a beige shirt and jeans hung off him and Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Sorry I'm late, traffic was awful all the way back to that hotel of 52nd." Astrid nodded.

"Well that's not good to hear." Astrid commented.

Hiccup's head tilted slightly, a habit he had developed as a kid that just never left.

"We got a call there haven't we." the 22 year old sighed and Astrid nodded, Hiccup glancing to Fishlegs.

"Yeah now Frank, you and Henrick go to 52nd. You know the drill. We'll have Thomas get the body when he's done with us." Astrid instructed.

Hiccup and Fishlegs nodded and grabbed their gear.

"I'm driving!" Fishlegs grabbed the keys from Astrid with lightning speed.

"I- Aw come on!" Hiccup moaned.

* * *

><p>"Aw man! That's gross." Hiccup laughed as he heard Fishlegs complain, and took another picture, the flash lighting up the dim light of the dingy hotel car park.</p>

"You know I really wonder sometimes how you became an agent if crime scenes make you feel ill." Hiccup chuckled and placed another number card.

"It's not the crime scene that bothers me- we've got shell casings here- it's the smell of the 205 degree decomposing body." Fishlegs complained, grimacing.

Hiccup laughed again and carefully stepped around the body, avoiding the pools of blood. He knelt next to Fishlegs and snapped a picture as the other held the number card. Using gloved hands, Hiccup picked up a casing, looking closely, the shades on his head slipping slightly.

"Huh... 32 calibre... it seems as if there was a misfire..." the casing ended up in the bag with the others, and Hiccup looked around as Fishlegs packed away the equipment.

There were skid-marks leading from the shell casings. Following them, Hiccup moved further and further from Fishlegs, until he noticed a man standing at the police tape.

A blue hoodie and brown jeans framed what Hiccup presumed to be a lithe body. The man had shockingly white hair, even though the man himself looked only around 22 or 23, contrasting with brilliant, almost electric, blue eyes. Looking back to the skid marks, Hiccup sniffed, his nose itching when he frowned.

Something wasn't right.

Standing back up, Hiccup looked around and his eyes landed on the white haired man once again. He seemed troubled and his pale face was drawn into a frown. Hiccup sighed and walked toward the man.

"Excuse me officer?"

Hiccup blinked, and looked down when a young girl of around 9 tugged on his pant leg. The brunette smiled and knelt down.

"What can I help you with sweetie?" Hiccup asked.

The little girl looked down.

"I think I did something bad." Hiccup's eyebrows went up. He placed a gentle hand on her shoulder and used his other to turn her head to him gently.

"What's happened?"

The girl's brown eyes welled up before a voice cut Hiccup off.

"Emma! There you are! Oh god Emma I was so worried!" the white haired man had found them, and was running over.

The moment he reached them, the white-haired young man enveloped the young girl in a hug "What have I told you about running off?"

Hiccup smiled and stood up.

"Is she your daughter sir?" Hiccup asked politely.

The white haired man looked at hiccup and blushed before shaking his head, ice blue eyes fixated on Hiccup's emerald green.

"No she's my sister, our parents died a few weeks after Emma was bornâ€|so I became her legal guardian." a shy smile graced the pale man's face and Hiccup's chest heaved.

The brunette girl managed to get Hiccup to look at her, and he smiled warmly.

"Well miss..."

"Frost."

"Well Miss Frost. You said you had something to show me?" Hiccup smiled.

Emma Frost began to wriggle and struggle so much that the white haired man had to put her down for fear of dropping her.

"I'm so sorry about this officer..." The white-haired man looked uneasy.

Hiccup smiled.

"Haddock. Henrick Haddock, please though, call me Hiccup." Hiccup nodded.

The white haired man grinned, and seemed to be holding back laughter.

"Trust me it's a long story." Hiccup spoke, he blushed this time, and the man smiled, holding out his hand.

"Jack. I'm Jack frost."

Pale skin met tanned and the men shook hands before Emma shouted out to them.

"Mr Officer!"

Hiccup and jack both looked toward her before following, Emma running on ahead.

They were approaching a door which Emma pushed open.

Hiccup had a sudden bad feeling, before it was confirmed, as a loud long beep was heard, and the brunette's eyes widened.

"Get down!" Hiccup threw himself in front of Jack, arms wrapping around the slightly taller male and pushing him to the floor as an explosion shook the building, deafening them.

Cement rapidly started falling.

The last thing Hiccup saw was a block of concrete before everything went black.

* * *

><p>Jack's chest hurt.</p>

His head hurt too, but it felt like something was on his chest, and for a minute he just laid there, trying to remember what had happened.

There was heat, a searing heat that made the man dizzy, and then there was a bright light...

Someone was with him.

He remembered that...

And there was someone really important he needed to get to.

Breathing in, Jack coughed slightly. The dust nearly choked him, and the white haired man decided to just open his eyes slightly to fill in the blanks. Ice blue eyes gradually opened, and saw a soft orange glow that illuminated the rubble around him.

Looking down, Jack realised that someone was laid on his chest. Auburn hair that smelt of dust and chestnuts tickled his nose, a hand lay limply over jack's shoulder.

The tanned skin seemed to jog a memory.

_ "Henrick Haddock, but please, call me Hiccup." a soft smile graced his face._

_Jack's chest heaved. Damn that smile suited him _

_ "It's a long story trust me." __Hm. The blush wasnt too bad either._

Jack groaned, a hand going to his own head, before noticing the red sticky substance that coated his fingers. His eyes went wide, and Jack did a mental check to see if anything hurt too much. He had a pounding headache, but other than that he felt fine.

He looked down and gently shook Henrick, or rather Hiccup, and winced at the agonised groan that left the other man's lips.

"Dad please... 5 more minutes..." came the raspy reply.

Jack chuckled softly before shaking him again, a little more gently.

"Hiccup, you have to wake up."

That received more of a response when the hand over Jack's shoulder tensed and moved toward his chest before stopping and gripping the blue hoodie rather tightly.

"Ah shit..."

Jack smiled, and began to push himself upwards when Hiccup's pained

cry rang out in the dark space.

"D- don't do that... that.. ah... that hurts..." Hiccup whimpered.

Jack froze and brought his hand to Hiccup's head, grimacing at the stickiness he felt on the other's hair alone, the blood leaking through the gaps between his slender fingers.

"OK well I need to get up somehow. How do you feel?" Jack asked.

Hiccup's pained breathing pulled at a heart string in jack's chest and he waited for the officer to reply.

"Like... shit.. does that... count?" Hiccup's sentences were broken by his breath hitching, painful wheezes coming from the smaller man's chest.

Jack smiled, chuckling slightly, before taking a deep breath in.

"Well you'll just have to grit your teeth for a sec, I'm gonna get up and see if there's a way out." Jack spoke quickly.

Hiccup nodded weakly and seemed to slow his breathing.

"On three. One. Two. Three!"

On three Jack sat upright, catching Hiccup as he fell to the side, and quickly but gently laid him to the side of a boulder, so that Hiccup's upper back rested against said boulder. As the white haired man finished, he looked at the tanned male's face to find it scrunches up in agony.

"Sorry." Jack apologized.

Hiccup let out the air he was holding in one breath, and began hyperventilating almost immediately.

"Whoa! Slow down there short stack!" Jack tried to get Hiccup's attention.

Hiccup's bright green eyes cracked open and forest green met blue again, making Jack's chest flutter for a second time. Dust and blood caked lips parted, and Jack smiled.

"Sh- short stack?!" Hiccup rasped.

Jack chuckled softly.

"I'm not that short"

Jack's smile grew wider and he kept his eyes on Hiccup.

"Still shorter than me." Jack grinned.

Hiccup's eyes closed again, and a small smirk was on his lips, his breathing gentle again.

"Right then bite-size, I'm gonna check you over ok? Don't worry, I'm a nurse at the local hospital." Jack reassured the shorter man.

Hiccup nodded, a frown replacing the smirk, and Jack looked down at the man's torso. A large dark patch seemed to be sticking his shirt to his body. Jack glanced back up at Hiccup, and smiled reassuringly.

"I'm gonna take your shirt off all right?"

"Already? Not even a first date." the smirk was back. "I am appalled Mr Frost."

Jack grinned. Oh well. That answers that question.

"I like to try before I buy Mr Haddock." Jack joked.

Hiccup's smirk became a tired smile, and Jack gripped the bottom of the sodden and dirty shirt.

"This may hurt." Jack warned.

"Always does the first time."

Jack nearly choked as Hiccup's eyebrows wiggled suggestively. Biting his lip so as to cut off the laugh he so desperately wanted to unleash, Jack gently pulled the shirt upward.

"Ah holy dragons!" Jack paused when Hiccup cursed.

"Sorry but what? And was that a threat or a promise then dragon boy?" Jack smirked.

Hiccup's hand gripped the fabric on Jack's shoulder weakly.

"It'll be whatever you deem it to be frostbite." Jack grinned, before yanking the shirt upwards, the green fabric slipping over the other's head as a cry of agony tore it's self from the other's lips.

"Ok... now... now it's a threat..." came the weak reply.

Jack gently laid him back against the boulder, and looked at the man's surprisingly toned chest. Apparently, despite him being a walking fish-bone, he still had a bit of muscle on him.

"I like the sound of that." Jack smiled, trying to lighten the mood. There was a deep gash along Hiccup's side, plus a few bruises, but his chest seemed otherwise alright.

"Why doesn't... why doesn't that surprise me?" Hiccup joked, voice weak, as Jack hummed in response, a grin on his face.

"Ouch, you wound me! Not my fault I'm into talking fish-bones. I need to look at your back." Jack spoke, and Hiccup nodded in consent. Jack gently leant him against his chest.

"Yeah, figures I find the crazy ones." was the muffled response.

Was it Jack's imagination, or was Hiccup's voice getting

weaker?!

"Hey don't give me that! You clearly dig the crazy kind else you wouldn't keep finding them." Jack winced at the long cut down the officer's right side, before gently placing him back against the stone.

"Ah the gods hate me..." there was a pause where Jack smiled gently before Hiccup's next words made him freeze in terror. "I'm sorry about Emma."

Jack's head felt as if it was going to explode and he winced, a pain lacing through his whole body..

"I shouldn't have let her. I should have stopped her..." Hiccup rambled.

"Hiccup please.. just stop."

The smaller male nodded, green eyes slipping shut as his skin seemed to pale even more. Jack frowned and pulled the younger boy's head up.

"Listen, I'm not angry with you... I've just lost my last living relativeâ€œI'm all alone, and I don't know what I'm doing. But what I do know is that you need to do your job."

Hiccup looked at him again.

"Find the bastard Hic. Please." Jack pleaded.

"I swear." Hiccup gave one, quick nod.

Jack nodded, and looked back down at the injured officer. He continued to wrap and bandage the gash on his side, Jack's hoodie being used as makeshift bandages.

"J- ah! Jack... what were you doing here?" came Hiccup's weak voice.

"Well, clearly to see you of course." Jack quirked an eyebrow.

The brunette smiled, appreciating the attempt at lightening the mood.

"Emma had a sleepover with her teacher's daughter last night, and I was due to pick her up. She almost always meets me by the lift, on the opposite side of the red tape you guys put up." Jack answered. "But when I got here, she wasn't there. I was about to try and get someone's attention, to see if they'd seen her, when I saw you with her. Em always did seem to like getting me into trouble." Jack smiled sadly, and cringed when Hiccup groaned.

The white haired man placed a hand on the officer's cheek and made him face the elder man.

"Hiccup you need to stay awake." Jack instructed.

Hiccup's eye lids barely fluttered open before a pained moan caused Jack's chest to twinge and his breath to leave him.

"Hic! Hic come on, talk to me dragon boy." Jack urged.

"Your... far too loud snowball."

Jack grinned and shifted where he sat.

"Only for you sweet cheeks. I can really be loud when I want to." he winked at the barely awake officer, who laughed breathlessly.

"I'll take that as a promise." Hiccup's voice got quieter before he slumped forward slightly, forehead gently bumping Jack, whose eyes widened.

"No Hiccup... Hiccup wake up!" Jack pleaded, and the elder boy waited a few seconds before groaning and gently leaning Hiccup against the boulder, tying off the bandage around his chest and standing up.

"Right. I'm all alone. Hiccup's gone to sleep, I'm all alone... ah shit!" Jack cursed, as he tripped over something, grazing his hand on a stray stone, the skin looking bruised and abused as the blood that had dried flaked off.

Looking back he noticed that he had tripped over a camera, it looked operational in the small cave of rocks they were trapped in.

**_We'll be fighting in the streetsâ€|_*

>With our children at our feetâ€|**

>And the morals that they worship will be goneâ€|**

>And the men who spurred us onâ€|**

>Sit in judgement of all wrongâ€|**

>They decide and the shotgun sings the song.**

Jack blinked at the sudden sound before looking towards the source of the noise. Could he really have been that stupid? Scrambling towards Hiccup, Jack patted down the cop, blushing slightly when he grazed that particular area as the music stopped.

"Fuck's sake." Jack sat down and rested next to Hiccup, his head still pounding. "Well... it's just you and me now snowflake."

Jack smiled and he felt his head fall back as he relaxed.

* * *

><p>"-cup!"</p>

Jack's eyes struggled open, his head feeling like wool as he looked around, his neck protesting, proving he had fallen asleep. Jerking forward slightly, a pained gasp caused Jack to look down, bringing his attention to Hiccup, laid on his lap.

"You fell asleep..." Hiccup managed, his voice barely above a whisper.

Jack smiled at him.

"Well you wasted no time did you. Before a first date? I am disappointed."

Hiccup smiled and coughed weakly, a trickle of blood coated his lips. That caused Jack to frown.

How're you feeling?" Jack asked.

Hiccup frowned, eyes slipping shut again as the voice drifted over to them again.

"-ccup!"

Jack looked toward the general direction of the voice and smiled.

"Hey bite-size, I think this is our chance!" Jack grinned.

Hiccup frowned again as Jack struggled up, groaning as his body was moved. His head lay toward the centre, his left leg folded up against the boulder, and the other was folded under him.

"Come on, look lively!" Jack spoke up.

Hiccup smiled and his eyes slid shut, his breathing shallow.

"Jack, when we get out of here, I owe you a drink."

Jack laughed, giddy with the excitement of getting out.

"And I owe you a date! Hey! Hey we're over here!" Jack started trying to climb the rock pile toward the voice.

Almost as soon as he started, Jack knew he'd made a mistake. Rocks started to shift and slide, before the whole top layers began to fall.

"Ah!" Jack slipped forwards, hands darting out to catch himself as he turned to Hiccup. "Hiccup move!"

The brunette twitched as the rocks fell, the larger rocks looking dangerous and daunting. Jack jumped toward him, as a rock fell and landed on Hiccup's left leg.

"AH!" Hiccup nearly screamed, eyes rolling backwards.

He passed out as Jack reached him, rocks settling, the dust beginning to clog Jack's lungs. Looking down at Hiccup, Jack winced as he saw the mangled remains of Hiccup's leg, before he pulled the rock off Hiccup's leg, and cradled the man's head as the lights flickered, and the darkness fell around him.

"Keep breathing Hic. You owe me a drink."

* * *

><p>SO! HERE'S THE EDITED AND BETA'D VERSION! WOOO!</p>

it'd be much appreciatd if people could tell me if they actually like thse :)

i personally love this csi one but hey :s

i just need to find songs to continue it with :3

also: if anyone has a song they'd like me to attempt to feul my muse, feel free to tell me! :D

Neko: out x

3. Lacey Strum - Broken Pieces

This is broken pieces by apocalyptica feat lacey strum.

a little different to what i usually do it seems.

let me know!

thanks to Melting Angels once again who beta'd the last chapter, and also this one.

she's done wonders for me :)

* * *

><p>Rain fell heavily on the streets of Burgess, where a black clad figure darted around, performing acrobatic tricks, leading it up to an apartment building roof. A black hood rested atop a mess of brown hair that was plastered to tanned skin. Green eyes darted around, as the figure reached a hand to its back. A black gun was pulled forward and loaded, a small device was slipped over the green of the eyes, and a dull blue glow revealed a small nose and thin lips. A small scar ran on one side of the figure's mouth. Freckles adorned the face as lips parted.<p>

"I'm in position." a calm male voice spoke softly, the figures eyes staring off as a female voice replied in his ear.

"Affirmative dragon rider. Await instruction." The dull blue winked out and the brunette let the hood drop.

"Figures. I get stuck out in the autumn rain, and she gets to sit at home, with a damn laptop. I hate this job." he muttered and knelt down.

A cloak was dropped completely, revealing a black shirt that hugged his slim frame. A case, as long as his arm, was pulled to the floor and opened, revealing a disassembled sniper rifle. The man continued to complain, and mutter to himself as he set up his gun, two bullets placed into the clip, scope adjusted for the wind direction, and his own non-reflective coating over the other side, avoiding the chance of being spotted by other snipers looking for him.

Far below, a few streets over, a door opened and a tall, black haired man stepped out. Girls surrounded him, barely wearing anything, causing the man to scowl.

"Arrogant prick. Doesn't care about anyone but himself."

Blue suddenly flashed back into life, the green eyed man falling silent.

"Dragon Rider we have a go. I repeat, we have a go. Take him out Night Fury."

The man in black nodded and tapped his ear, the blue winking out. Darkness fell around him, and he let himself breathe out. His senses sharpened as he held his breath, finding his target. Just as he was about to take the shot, a foot came from no-where, knocking his gun aside. The man rolled, and a blade was pulled from its sheath at his stomach as he jumped up to attack.

White hair and blue eyes met him as he swung the blade.

"We need to stop meeting like this Hic!"

Damn that Frost. He'd caught him again.

The fight was fast paced. Hiccup would swing, and Frost would dodge back.

Frost would spin and kick out and Hiccup would flip over him. Arms were pinned, and wrists were bent to almost snapping point, before the other would escape. It ended abruptly with the two with blades to each other's necks. Hiccup's blade handle was green, runes of protection adorning the blade, while Frost's was blue. A floral pattern, almost like frost, as his namesake, adorned his.

"What the hell are you doing here Frost?" Hiccup snapped, his head held high to stop any blood being drawn.

"Same as you dear Hiccup." Frost grinned, white teeth glinting in the street lights, making them seem almost demon like. Hiccup scowled.

"Who sent you?" His green eyes flashed with anger. He'd had enough of this joker.

"Ah ah ah! One at a time darling! My turn." Blue eyes flashed suddenly, causing the brunette to freeze. "Why is Pitch your target?"

Hiccup growled.

"I cant tell you that Frost. You know that."

Frost smiled again before holding up the other hand.

"Tell you what. We both step back at the same time and answer freely. I don't want your contract. I just want to know why."

Hiccup frowned as he nodded.

"Fine.. on three?" the white haired man grinned and nodded back.
"One. Two."

"Three."

They both stepped back and froze, disbelief on their faces.

"Well... that went much better than I expected." Hiccup glared at him as he re-sheathed his blade. "Pitch is my contract. I don't know why. I don't know who ordered it. I just know it's my job." Hiccup sighed, his shoulders drooping.

"OK. Then you better hurry. Looks like he's heading to that club of his." Hiccup's head snapped around to the street, and he groaned as he realized Pitch had gotten into the car.

"Good job I have a back up then." the green eyed man turned back to the other. "My turn. Who sent you."

Frost paused, mid way of putting away his blade as he regarded the other.

"My friends at Operation GU4-radical Insurance and Nationality Squad would like to send their regards and their thanks. You would have saved the Guardians a lot of time and hassle if you take out Pitch. I was sent to make sure there were no civilian casualties and that Pitch's head actually ends up as graffiti on the wall."

Hiccup blinked.

"Then why did you ruin my shot!"

Frost drew back slightly, the fire in the brunette's eyes making him weary.

"You would have missed."

Silence stretched between them as the rain fell heavier.

"You... you what?"

Frost gulped. He remembered this man. He was the one who managed to shoot a golf ball off the top of a soda bottle at 1000 yards.

"You would have missed."

Green eyes blinked before turning back to his rifle. Frost was still; unsure of exactly how safe he was now he had spoken.

"How so? Can you shoot Frost?"

Blue eyes widened as he swallowed.

"Ye- Um... yeah..." his voice broke mid sentence, and he could have sworn he saw Hiccup smirk.

"Then feel free to instruct me."

As sweet as his voice was, Frost knew Hiccup was one wrong word from putting one of the two bullets between his eyes. At this close of a range, he wouldn't miss.

"Um no- no thanks. I uh.. I apologize. I just thought maybe you'd

want to re-assess your situation. You should really have something behind you so you know when people are sneaking behind y-ack!" the white haired man was cut off as he was grabbed from behind.

His arm was yanked behind him, and he was shoved over a vent of the roof. His cheek was being pushed firmly into a fold in the metal, as Hiccup held him tightly. Frost bit his lip as he felt the other male brush against his leg, a blush rising in his pale cheeks.

"I think I can handle some idiot who thinks it's a good idea to criticize my sharp shooting abilities. Don't you Mr Frost?"

Frost grinned and quickly assessed his situation. The brunette's eyes widened as his legs were brought out from under him and the position was quickly reversed, the white haired male pressed against the smaller body, that was now pressed firmly against a wall.

"I do indeed Mr Haddock. Or should I say Dragon Rider? Or would you prefer Night Fury?"

Green eyes widened as blue lit up the brunette's face.

"What are you playing at Haddock?! Our source says Pitch is in the club! Get a move on or we lose this guy!"

Hiccup scowled.

"Kinda preoccupied here Stormfly. Just wait alright? You'll have his blood on the side walk asap."

Blue blinked out again and the brunette was turned abruptly to face the other.

"Girlfriend troubles?" Frost raised an eyebrow.

"Like hell. I don't swing her way pal."

A smirk appeared on Frost's face.

"Well then, I would like to invite you to dinner, courtesy of the Guardians. We offer better service and a better pay check."

"How would you know my price Jack?"

"Oh I know a lot about you my dear. Where you workâ€|where you eatâ€|where you sleep, even where you shower.." a wink caused Hiccup to blush deeply before a beep tore them apart.

"That's my cue. Sit. Shut it. Watch. And learn."

Jack scowled as Hiccup spoke, and watched as the sniper rifle was brought up, standing tall against the wall. Hiccup quickly found his target, and two shots were fired. Jack darted forward as Pitch went down.

But so did Hiccup.

0o0o0o0o0o0o

"Operation Dragon hunt is a success home base."

"Congratulations Nightlight, we'll see you at home."

* * *

><p>Once again please! read and review!</p>

it lets me know what i should do! i have so many ideas but so little feedback!

im starting to wonder if you guys even like it!

Thanks to Melting Angels, Kailyssia and Goldendarkness123 who all decided to follow this and a special thanks to Melting Angels who even FAVOURITED THIS!

Thanks dude! :D

4. AKB48 - Sugar Rush!

IM BAAAAAACK!

ALRIGHT! here's a fluffy little thing involving kids, sugar and J-Pop!

So many thanks and cookies and various other things to my wonderful Beta; **Melting Angels **who kinda got assaulted by me :')

Thanks dude!

Also: many thanks to **SummersCrystals **and **Zingfox** Who are now Following this train wreck!

ANYWAY! I digress!

ONWARDS NOBLE TRAIN WRECK!

* * *

><p>As Hiccup pushed the door open, he could fully understand why he always avoided this place. Bright colours and screaming kids had never really been his thing. But then again, he had made a deal with his best friend. He'd show up for his friend's little sister's birthday party, and the other would fill in for him at the meeting for the University's Shadow cabinet group. Looking around, the brunette scowled at the sheer amount of sweets on display, and the arcade games being played by the young children. A ball pit was set to one side of the spacious building, with a bored looking attendant, grey and blue hair cropped short, tanned arms folded across his bright pink shirt and a scowl was planted on his face.</p>

Speaking of his face... was that paint?

Hiccup shook his head and looked around for his friend, and spotted the blonde at a large table. Walking over (and dodging the mass of kids that were clearly on a major sugar high and had created an impromptu game of tag) Hiccup smiled and waved.

"Hey Astrid! Where's the birthday girl then?" Astrid turned to the

smaller man and smiled, slender arms folding across her blue shirt.

"She's over there with some kids trying to win a game of some sort. I didn't really hear her over the screaming and the weird little urchins trying to get money for something or other. She's been good though, hasn't eaten many sweets and she seems to be taking this birthday thing a little more seriously than a 6 year old should." she laughed and Hiccup smiled.

"Taking after her big sister then!" Hiccup grinned before yelping as Astrid punched his arm. "Ow! Why would you do that?!"

"That was for insulting me!" Hiccup rolled his eyes and Astrid laughed. "Look lively Hiccup! You know she loves your company."

Hiccup smiled and looked over to the small blonde, who was trying to hit one of the mechanical otters that popped up. The large hammer looked almost comical in her tiny hands yet Hiccup couldn't help but cringe. Yup. Definitely taking after her sister.

"I don't think kids should play the games that involve hitting things. They tend to develop the habit in older years." that earned him another punch to the arm and Hiccup stumbled before holding up his hands. "Okay okay I get it! Stop hitting me!"

Astrid laughed and smiled as her sister ran over to Hiccup.

"Hiccy! You came!" Hiccup smiled and ruffled the small blonde's loose hair.

"Of course I came! Would I miss my favourite blonde's birthday?" Hiccup laughed as the small girl stuck her tongue out at her sister.

"Hiccy likes me more than you!"

Astrid laughed and crossed her arms.

"Hiccy's my boyfriend! Be my boyfriend for the day Hiccy!" Hiccup blushed and looked at Astrid who shrugged, biting her lip to stop herself from crying with laughter.

"You know what? Alright princess!" the girl laughed and threw her arms around Hiccup's middle, causing the teen to stagger back slightly.

"YAY!" grabbing hold of his hand, the energetic girl dragged him off to a shooting game so he could win her a prize.

"Uh I don't know how this'll turn out for you Emily, I'm not a very good shot." Emily laughed and jumped on the seat she had climbed onto, grabbing the arm of his sleeve she grinned at him.

"Just try Hiccy!" Hiccup sighed and handed a token to the little golden man named Sandy behind the stall.

The first shot missed, as did the second but the third managed to get something, and a large brown monkey was handed to the small blonde,

the man in gold smiled widely at Hiccup who smiled and thanked him, knowing that the shot didn't win a large prize. Emily dragged him around, showing off her monkey that she had named Hic, before dragging him toward the ball pit. As Emily jumped in, Hic safely stored with Astrid, Hiccup was pulled backwards, falling backwards into the ball pit and surrounded by the multicoloured balls of painful plastic.

Struggling upright, Hiccup came face to face with a white haired male, a younger boy latched onto his back with what seemed like a deathly tight grip. Unfortunately for Hiccup, who had been staring at this strange boy, a blue shirt hanging off his slim frame, Emily had spotted the boy and his hitch-hiker, deciding that she too wanted a ride had launched herself at Hiccup's back, causing the boy to fall forward again, a yell escaping his mouth as kids all piled on.

"OK kids! Here's a lesson for you! Ball pit fight!" came a voice and the kids all scrambled up to start throwing the balls at each other.

Hiccup groaned, his neck hurting where Emily had grabbed him, and his rib hurt from the balls that were pressed painfully into him. Looking up he noticed a pale hand in front of him, and green eyes looked up to find the white haired male smiling at him, now childless.

"You alright? I know from experience that hurts."

Hiccup stared, this man was beautiful. His white hair was messy, yet looked styled and vivid blue eyes watched him. His lips had a mischievous smirk on them before a click in front of his face made Hiccup blink and blush, realising he hadn't replied.

"Oh! uh.. sorry, kinda zoned out there." a sheepish smile made it's way onto his face and the white haired man laughed

"Don't worry, so long as your alright."

Hiccup took the hand, and noticed that his hands were cold to the touch, as if he'd been outside with his hands in cold water.

"Yeah i'm uh.. I'll live." he finished lamely while rubbing his sore neck.

"Oi! Frostbite! Your turn!"

They both looked toward the voice and Hiccup saw the sulking attendant from earlier watching them. Hiccup looked down and realised he still held the other's hand and jumped back, a blush forming on his cheeks.

"Hiccy!" Hiccup turned to see Emily behind him who looked awkwardly at him.

"What's up princess?"

The male behind him smirked and took the other male's position beside Hiccup.

"Hiccy I cant be your girlfriend now." Hiccup raised his eyebrows.

"Why not?" Emily flicked her hair off her face and pointed to the boy who had been on the white haired man's shoulders.

"He asked me and he's funnier than you. He said he liked my pretty necklace." Hiccup tilted his head slightly.

Dumped by a 6 year old.

Ouch.

"Oh! Well! You tell him if he hurts you he'll have me to deal with!" he said jokingly, the man beside him laughing heartily.

Emily smiled and hugged Hiccup and kissed his cheek.

"Your still the best Hiccy!"

Hiccup smiled and stood up again before noticing the laughing male beside him. "What?"

The white haired man wiped his eyes, breathing deeply.

"Oh man! You just got dumped by a 6 year old! Birthday date?"

Hiccup blushed and smirked.

"Yeah well, she wasn't my type anyway."

The white haired man folded his arms, leaning back against the netting of the ball pit.

"And what? Her sister is?" Hiccup blinked and looked over to Astrid who was grinning at them, and gave a thumbs up. Hiccup turned back to the male, mortified, as a blush crept up his cheeks again. How his face hadn't caught fire was a mystery.

"Uh.. no.. um not quite." Hiccup rubbed the back of his head and shrugged. "Don't really swing her way."

The other smirked, and looked into the ball pit, gently throwing a blue plastic ball that had fallen out in, managing to catch the boy he'd brought in's head, causing another free for all plastic ball fight.

"I know that feeling!" Hiccup chuckled and looked at the male's now visible name tag.

"So uh.. Jack, how long have you been working here?"

>Jack turned to face him, confusion on his face before he realised he wore a name tag, and blushed.<p>

"Oh eh.. not long. This is my first birthday party working. Not a fan of bright colours. Kids I can deal with but when screaming and on a s-"

_ "S-U-G-A-R

>JUMP INTO YOUR RACING CAR
SO SUGAR RUSH!

>SUGAR RUSH!
S-U-G-A-R

>JUMP INTO YOUR RACING CAR
SO SUGAR RUSH!

>IT'S SUGAR RUSH!"
_

>Jack scowled and glared at the speakers, that were now playing a lively J-Pop song, that clearly irritated the white haired teen.<p>

"Song says it all. Would you believe that the man who owns this place is married to a dentist?"

Hiccup laughed as the other male's eyebrows went up, a grin settling on his face.

"Well I suppose it's one way to make sure you stay in business." Hiccup smiled and took a step back, wincing as his ankle twinged. Jack noticed and his smile faded.

"You alright?" Hiccup smiled gently and nodded.

"Yeah just stepped awkwardly." he said, not willing to tell him about his prosthetic.

Jack smiled gently before looking behind him and his blue eyes widened and he pulled Hiccup directly in front of him.

"Ah fuuuuhh...z balls." Hiccup raised an eyebrow and a smile began worming its way onto his face.

"I'm sorry what?"

Jack shot a look of pure exasperation at him and Hiccup folded his arms. "What are you doing?" he asked as Jack knelt slightly, about to turn to look when Jack grabbed his wrist.

"No don't!"

Hiccup's smirk faded and he watched Jack stare at something behind him. Jack winced and stood up.

"Please don't leave, no matter how weird this gets." Hiccup nodded, and suddenly a tall black haired man stood next to him.

"Jackson I've been looking for you babe!"

Jack scowled at the man and folded his arms.

"Your not supposed to be here Pitch. Or near me remember."

>The man, Pitch, glared slightly, ignoring Hiccup's existence, and leant closer to the white haired man.<p>

"Oh you'll be begging for me by the end of the day snowflake." Jack smirked, eyes sparkling slightly.

"I think my lovely boyfriend would have something to say about that, wouldn't you Hiccy?"

Hiccup blinked as Jack's arm went around his waist, and his head was resting on his shoulder. Yet another blush rushed to his cheeks before he decided to just play along.

"Yeah, sorry mate. Frostbite's mine."

Pitch glared as Jack smirked and straightened up, arm still around Hiccup's waist.

"You just wait Frost. When this fish bone-"

"Hey!"

"Isn't good enough for you, you'll be on your knees for me." Jack grinned.

"I highly doubt that. Now leave Pitchiner. Before I have to call the kangaroo. We both know that's not pretty." the black haired man glared again at Hiccup before turning to leave.

A kid being caught in the headlights, the colour seemed to drain from his face, and he fell over trying to get out the way, his hand catching on something on the bottom of an arcade game. Jack sighed and let go of Hiccup and helped the kid up.

"It's ok, don't cry. He's gone now. Tell you what, why don't you join in with the kids in the ball pit? It's fun!" the kid sniffed and nodded, jumping into the pit and not even a minute later, he was laughing again.

"Well darling, Wanna tell your new boyfriend what that was about?"

Jack blushed and rubbed his head.

"That... that was my ex. Not very fun. Not very nice either."

Hiccup ahhed in recognition and he smiled, Jack's uncomfortableness making him smile.

"Well! That was pleasant but I need to go to my friend." Hiccup turned to walk away when Jack shouted after him.

"Hey uh. how about a drink? On me. As a thanks for that. I really appreciate it."

Hiccup smiled and turned to look back at him.

"It's a date." Hiccup laughed as Jack's mouth opened and shut, before walking away and grinning to Astrid.

Maybe he'd start to like this place.

* * *

><p>Same as always guys! R&R :)</p>

Cookies for people who do!

Or pints...

or whatever you want :0)

Many thanks!

Neko: out x

5. Sara Bareilles - Winter Song

Here's another for Today :)

TIP: actually listen to the song when your reading... Makes it worse.

Grab a hankie mate, it's gonna be a doozy!

* * *

><p>Golden light drifted through partially open curtains, dust dancing lazily in the sunlight that filtered in, and onto a freckled face. Brown hair was gently resting on the sleeping boy's face, lips partially open as he slept. Crooked teeth were just about visible between chapped lips, and a button nose crinkled slightly as the boy turned, arm reaching out to the other side of the large bed when he froze. Eyes opened to reveal a startling green as they searched for something. Sitting up, the cream sheets slipped down his shoulders, resting bunched up at his lap. The freckles adorned his shoulders and back too, harsh white lines cut across tanned skin as the scarred tissue was subjected to the slither of light and the boy got up, throwing back the covers with a vengeance. A bare foot and a prosthetic touched the floor, the springs complaining slightly, as the boy shifted his weight. The boy's hair, while neat at the front, had become messy and unruly at the back but he paid no attention to it as he slipped through a door to one side of the bed, green boxers the only thing covering him.</p>

The apartment was clean, white tiles on the floor that lead to a open space kitchen and living room, one wall dedicated to the stunning winter morning in New York city. The boy ignored the view, in favour of looking around at the various bottles and take-away boxes that adorned the surfaces and sections of the floor. The black sofa in the middle of the room was covered with an array of white and brown papers. A news paper was amidst some photographs, shockingly white hair was just about visible that stood out against the multitude of colours of stage lights. A shadow passed over them as the boy passed them, looking around the spacious room. There was no sound, save for the breathing of the brunette and the faint sound of traffic far below.

Turning back to the couch, the boy sat down, shoving the papers aside and put his head in his hands. It had all been a dream. He had expected him to be beside him when he woke. He had expected the smell of coffee to be permeating the apartment and for the sound of singing to be his alarm clock.

This is my winter song to you, the storm is coming soonâ€|it rolls in from the sea.

He hadn't prepared himself for the emptiness again.

2 years he had been gone. 2 years had past since he said goodbye and still he couldn't wrap his head around the fact he was gone.

He highly doubted he was coming back. The other had promised. He'd promised letters and calls to make sure the brunette didn't worry.

>
My voice a beacon in the night, my words will be your light to carry you to me._

That had stopped a year ago.

MIA they had said on his doorstep. Presumed dead they had continued to say, before legs grew weak and his head had hit the floor.

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love...?_

Reaching forward, the green eyed man pulled out a silver packet, and slipped a cigarette out and lit it, inhaling as he pulled out a picture from beside him. White hair and a whiter smile stared back at him, blue eyes crinkled in laughter as the colours behind blurred, leaving only the pale figure in focus.

They say that things just cannot grow beneath the winter snowâ€|or so I have been told.

Green eyes closed, a wistful smile on his face, before another drag was taken, the ash tapped into an empty glass on the small wooden table in front of him. They were due to bury him today. An empty casket for a missing man.

They say we're buried farâ€| just like a distant star I simply can not holdâ€|

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love alive?_

What he wouldn't give to just hold him again. To hear his laugh, see how his eyes would light up with fun whenever he was told someone was busy, or simply when he'd get angry. He'd give anything to be with him again.

"Oh jack..." words were muttered before the cigarette was finished and stubbed out.

_This is my winter song.

>December never felt so wrong.
'Cos your not where you belong...in side my arms._

Green eyes welled up, and the picture was thrown beside him. Standing up, the brunette walked back to the bedroom to get dressed. A black suit that hadn't been worn in so very long, was pulled from its plastic bag. The black dress shoes looked so uncomfortable.

That settles it.

A pair of green converse were pulled on, and a sad smile graced the boy's features. Jack would have found this hilarious. The white shirt was smoothed out over tanned skin, freckles adorning his toned chest, and a black bowtie hung loose around his neck.

I still believe in summer daysâ€|the seasons always change, and life will find a way.

Standing up, the boy made one last attempt to straighten himself out,

eyes red rimmed and hair still a mess as he just gave up. He still had some tiny part of him that dared to hope, that dared to defy the logical mind and believed each morning the white haired male would be beside him when he woke.

I'll be your harvester of light and send it out tonight, so we can start again.

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love alive?_

As the boy left, his green phone that lay on a wooden table vibrated with a message, the slamming of the door made it impossible to notice the quiet sound.

0o0o0o0o

The service was more difficult to handle than the brunette had thought possible, the empty casket draped with the American flag, that was folded and handed to the shaking boy.

_This is my winter song.

>December never felt so wrong.
'Cos your not where you belong...inside my arms._

Shots were fired, the military funeral for the man who had risked everything, for everyone else, was a tearful ceremony for everyone, and after almost 2 hours, it was over.

It was official.

He wasn't coming back.

This is my winter song to youâ€|

the storm is coming soonâ€|

it rolls in from the sea.

He didn't attend the party, and just went straight home. Back to the apartment that barely held any scent of Jack that tore the brunette's heart again. The flag was held gently as it was laid on the small table beside the door, green eyes flicking to the set of keys that hadn't been there when he left. A small breeze ruffled his hair and his back straightened. Green eyes darted around the apartment to notice that the papers were in a basket in the kitchen, the bottles were gone and someone had opened the window.

My love a beacon in the nightâ€|

_my words will be your light, _

to carry you to me.

Green eyes scrunched as he frowned. He'd asked the house keeping to stop coming in a year ago so why would they start agai-

The brunette froze as he spotted the mass of white just over the sofa, soft humming filled the apartment and green eyes welled up again. Keys hit the floor with a clatter and the mass of hair turned,

blue eyes shining with happiness as the two stared at each other

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love alive?

>

>"Hiccup..." knees gave way and hit the floor, as the pale man jumped over the back of the couch, cradling the smaller male.<p>

"Jack?" came the weak reply, voice shaking and cracking from the amount of crying he had been doing.

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love alive?_

Cool lips pressed against his forehead and Hiccup closed his eyes, tears slipping down his cheeks yet again.

"But you're dead..." a soft chuckle reverberated through the room and Hiccup clutched at the blue hoodie the other was wearing.

"Well! This is a pretty messy heaven then. Use your head Hic. Did they ever find me?"

_Is love alive?

>Is love alive?
Is love alive?_

Green eyes looked to the older male, tears still slipping down his cheeks as he studied Jack.

"Why didn't you contact me? I've spent the past year... they... oh Jack!" Arms were thrown around the other man and lips were pressed firmly against each other. Jack gently picked up Hiccup and carried him through to the bedroom where the winter sun was still upon the pillows. Day turned to night, and Hiccup slept soundly._

_Is love alive?

>

>Golden light drifted through partially open curtains, dust dancing lazily in the sunlight that filtered in and onto a freckled face. Brown hair was gently resting on the sleeping boy's face, lips partially open as he slept. Crooked teeth were just about visible between chapped lips and a button nose crinkled slightly as the boy turned, arm reaching out to the other side of the large bed, gripping onto the hand of his white haired soldier.
_

>Is love alive?

He was Finally home._

_Is love alive? _

* * *

><p>Well how did i do?<p>

are you sobbing?

You should be.

I nearly did :')

6. Wicked! - For good

I actually had this done wednesday but i thought i'd make true to my one a day rule.

You got two then because i missed a day :')

This is not a 30 day thing, this is me messing about with all the songs i have

There will also be some songs featured which i have written (im a singer songwriter)

Enjoy all the Wickedness!

Also: Yes i will be doing another by the end of the day :)

ALSO (Part 2) Majoy thanks to **Melting Angels** who BETAd and to **Olyimpia5000** and **Loozje** For following this Growing train wreck!

Have a beer.. or a cookie. Take your pick :)

* * *

><p>I'm limited, just look at me.
I'm limitedâ€|and just look at you.

>You can do all I couldn't do

Hiccup sighed, his green tunic was singed slightly, and his brown boots left dents in the mud that lay all around. What was he doing? He was only lying to himself. He stood on a cliff over the kill ring, and watched as Astrid darted around, training with her axe.

So now it's up to youâ€|

>For both of usâ€|

>Now it's up to you.

Hiccup turned and walked away, his eyes downcast, as he walked toward the woods, the basket strapped to his back feeling 100 times heavier.

* * *

><p>Let it be said that Jack Frost was a patient guy. He'd lasted so long alone only to finally get believers, and then be shoved through a portal that had made his head spin and his powers go AWOL. Jack looked up to the moon and glared before sighing. The frost spirit looked around and decided to just walk forward till he found something.
_

>I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason, bringing something we must learn.

Jack didn't really know what to do about his situation. He couldn't fly (that had been proven when he fell a few hundred feet from the air thanks to the portal) and he couldn't control the snow that fell around him, covering up any signs of a path. These snowflakes didn't feel right. His felt light and made you smile; these made him frown, and scared of what he created.

Walking onward, Jack sighed and shoved his hands into his hoodie, seeking comfort from the familiar material.

>
And we are lead to those who help us most to growâ€œ|if we let them, and we help them in return._

Jack stopped dead. He could hear something. Footsteps it seemed.

From behind him?

Jack turned and saw a glimpse of yellow eyes, before he yelped and ran forward, hoping and praying he'd find someone to help him before he was ripped to pieces.

Well I don't know if I believe that true, but I know I'm who I am today because I knew you.

Darting through the trees, Jack glanced up at the stars and felt a longing wash over him. How he wished he could be up there, playing among the clouds again.

Like a comet pulled from orbit as it passes a sun.

>Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood.

Jack stumbled and tripped, falling forward into a stream, his hands grabbing a boulder in the middle of the rushing water around him. It reached mid waist on him, and a sense of panic washed over him at the water, his recently reacquired memories making him fully aware of the dangers involved with water.

Who can say if I've been changed for the better, but because I knew you I have been changed for good.

* * *

><p>Hiccup trudged through the trees, not paying attention until something under his foot crunched. Looking down, Hiccup blinked at the snow that coated the ground. A path of snow had been carved through the wood, and suddenly Hiccup felt torn. Should he follow it and see where it leads? It did seem like a message from the gods.<p>

Maybe Jokul Frosti had something to show him.

Or did he continue on to his fate? His escape, and his no doubt banishment from the tribe. He thought back to the note he had left his father, how it hadn't been left in the house, but in the Forge for Gobber, a man who was more like a father than his biological one, to find.

_It well may be that we will never meet again _

_in this lifetime, _

so let me say before we partâ€œ|

so much of me is made of what I've learned from you.

Hiccup sighed and wiped a hand over his face. The tension he felt was making his shoulders and back ache. Looking back at the snow he sighed again, and stepped onto the snow, shivering at the sudden change in temperature. He thought as he walked, going over the words he left to Fishlegs in his favourite book, certain the large Viking boy would find it.

You'll be with me like a hand print on my heart, and now what ever way our stories endâ€|I know you have re-written mine by being my friend.

Hiccup smiled gently to himself, as he remembered the adventures he and the bulky Viking had when they were younger, before peer pressure had set in and taken the boy from his friend.

_Like a ship blown from it's mooring by a wind off the seaâ€|
>Like a seed dropped by a sky bird in a distant wood.

>Running water filled Hiccup's ears, and he frowned. If there's snow the stream should be frozen over. It usually was. Mind you, there wasn't usually a path of snow through the woods in mid June either.<p>

Who can say if I've been changed for the betterâ€|but because I knew youâ€|

Hiccup readjusted the basket on his back and kept walking, hoping that there was something at the end of the journey the winter god had given him.

Because I knew youâ€|

* * *

><p>Jack felt his hands slipping, and his breathing became erratic. The wolf was still stood at the edge of the woods, watching him with sharp, hungry eyes. Jack thought back to Jamie and hoped with all his heart that the 10 year old would keep believing in the guardians, despite Jacks' rather unusual and unfortunate demise.<p>

Again.

_I have been changed for goodâ€|
>
>0o0o0o0o0o<p>

The letter to Astrid had been hardest to write for Hiccup. He wanted to apologise for humiliating her. He wanted to apologise for making her think she wasn't good enough. But what could he say to the girl who hated his gutsâ€|yet he saw as something more? What could he say to the one person in the entire village he actually felt something forâ€|other than mind numbing emptiness? It had been difficultâ€|but he'd managed it.

0o0o0o0o0o

Jack struggled to hold on to the rock as he thought to the letter he'd left Bunnymund before the portal had got him. He wanted to apologise for the blizzard of '68. He wanted to apologise for not being there at Easter. But what could he say to someone who hated his gutsâ€|yet he saw something more? What could he say to the one person

in the entire spirit world he actually felt something forâ€¢ other than Mind numbing emptiness? It had been difficultâ€¢ but he'd managed it.

_And just to clear the air, I ask forgiveness for the things I've done you blame me forâ€¢

>Then I guess we know there's blame to share and none of it seems to matter
any more!_

Hiccup reached the stream, just as Jack's hands slipped, and he was dragged under. Hiccup just saw blue and white before a hand was pulled under the rushing water. He didn't really know what he was doing, but before he knew it, the pack was on the floor and Hiccup had jumped in. Swimming with the current, Hiccup caught up with the boy with white hair and grabbed hold of his waist. The boy's eyes were shut, and his skin seemed so deathly white that Hiccup didn't think, just put his lips to the others, and gave him his breath. The other's eyes snapped open and looked at Hiccup. Green eyes bore into blue before rolling back and slipping shut. Jack panicked and grabbed the boy, trying desperately to remember the swimming lessons he had received as a kid.

_Like a comet pulled from orbit (like a ship blown from it's mooring)

>As it passes a sun (by a wind off the sea)
Like a stream that meets a boulder (like a seed dropped by a sky bird)

>Halfway through the wood (in a distant wood)

They broke the surface just after a mini waterfall, and Jack half swam, half dragged the other boy's body to the shore before checking him over. There were no cuts and no blood. That was good. But there was no breath either. Jack panted before pinching the boy's nose, and tilted his head back. He'd never done CPR, but he'd seen it being done. Breathing out, he pushed on the boys chest to the count of ten before repeating the process again. He almost gave up, when green eyes snapped open and lurched forward to expel the water from his lungs.

Who can say if I've been changed for the betterâ€¢ .butâ€¢

Hiccup didn't know what to think other than his chest really hurt and the boy he'd tried to save, ended up saving him. Collapsing to the floor weakly, Hiccup gasped, breathing heavily as the other boy did the same, exhaustion washing over both of them like a wave. Hiccup looked to the white haired male at the same time Jack looked at him and they smiled, grinning breathlessly.

Because I knew youâ€¢|_

"Hi." Hiccup managed before coughing again. The other male sat up, and helped Hiccup sit up before rubbing his back. He didn't know what it was but the motions soothed Hiccup, and he soon felt himself slumping against the male. "I'm Hiccup."

Because I knew youâ€¢|_

Jack smiled as Hiccup got his breathing back. The name didn't seem to fit him. Hiccups were usually given to mistakes but this boy had saved him. Jack had nearly passed out in the water, and he knew that if he had, there'd be no rerun. He had a feeling that this wasn't his

time line.

"Hey, I'm Jack Frost."

Hiccup smiled as his eyes slid shut.

Because I knew youâ€|

"Jokul Frosti. Like the winter god."

Jack raised his eyebrows and smiled. This boy believed in him. There was no other explanation about it. Jack looked down at Hiccup and smirked.

"Apparently so. Hey uh.. Hiccup?" the brunette nodded. "Thanks. For...you know.. saving me. Not many people would do that."

Hiccup looked at the Winter spirit and smiled.

_I have been changed....

"Me neither. I don't think either of us would have lived either way. So we're like... each other's guardians or something." Hiccup laughed and Jack smiled.

_For goodâ€|

>

>"Yeah I guess so."

* * *

>

Not much Romance but i like this as a First contact Bromance :)<p>

I also like the idea that this happened instead of Hiccup going to Toothless when he was going to run in the film.

Up to you :)

Guest: Yes i'll attempt the Lana Del Rey one for you... No promises on how it'll turn out :/ that song isn't really my style BUT I'LL TRY! :3

Have Fun! See ya later!

R&R!

Neko: out x

7. We are - Ana Johnsson (SPY arc P2)

Hey guys! Since so many of you loved chapter 3, i thought id try and make it into an arc

So heres the second Part

This is unbetad cos i really wanted this up today but **Melting Angels **hasnt get back to me with the betad version.

I'll be re-uploading with the betad version when i get it :)

Hope this one's just as good (since the other was written at 4 in the morning :') this isn't)

You know the drill guys. Head between your knees and pray you survive.

* * *

><p>Rain hammered against glass as Jack Frost turned away from the window. Blue eyes were dull and dark circles surrounded the once brilliant blue. A soft beeping was coming from a machine stood next to a small single bed in the corner and Jack ran his bloodied hands through white hair, streaks of red being left behind as his hair stood on end. His black hoodie had been taken off, revealing a white shirt underneath. Patches of red against pale skin made the white haired male cringe as he went over to the single bed. Brown hair was plastered to tanned skin, white bandages adorned the toned chest, making the occupant seem more tanned. Jack sat on the edge of the bed and gently brushed the auburn hair away from the closed eyes as he thought back.</p>

* * *

><p>"HICCUP!" Jack knew that shouting out was a terrible idea, it brought attention to him and sure enough, dust kicked up just beside him, making him drop and roll before throwing himself flat against the wall. Blue eyes looked frantically toward where the brunette's body was, the steadily growing pool of blood made Jack feel sick as he slipped his pistol from its holster in the small of his back, hidden by his black jacket. "Hold on Hic. You'll be fine. I promise." Jack looked away from the other Agent and pulled out a pair of glasses, the thick black rims perched on the bridge of his nose. A button was tapped and the world to Jack went dark, spots of red and yellow on the adjacent roof behind them made him scowl.

Darting out, Jack quickly shot in the direction of the attacker, Bullets peppered the ground around him as he saw the other dart up and run away and Jack growled in frustration. Time seemed to stand still for a second, the only thing that moved was the rain that fell so heavily around him, his once spiky hair now plastered to his pale forehead as he remembered the other agent.

"_Dragon rider come in. we have received confirmation. Pitch is dust now. Dragon Rider! HICCUP!" The woman's voice was back and Jack picked up the blue device, jamming it onto his ear and the holographic blue device slid across his eye._

"_Hiccup's hit. This is Agent Frost with the GU4- radical Insurance and Nationality Squad. I repeat, Hiccup's down." the blonde woman on the other end blinked at him, grey eyes stared at him._

"_Then his contract is terminated. This device will self destruct. Good day Agent Frost." a loud screech filled his ear and he ripped off the device as it grew hot. Throwing it to the floor it crackled and blue electricity darted over it, the blue turned white and then cut off. Jack turned to the downed agent and ran over, turning over the brunette, Jack cradled him against him and looked down at the damage. It had been a pretty poor shot, the bullet hitting just above

his heart and Jack pulled his hoodie off. Tying it tightly around the wound, Jack pulled out his phone and dialled._

"_Oi Frostbite! I thought you were on recon?" an Australian voice filtered through the speaker. _

"_Aster I need picking up. There's been a complication." the white haired male jammed the phone on his shoulder, using his now free hands to pick up the unconscious man. _

"_I got your position. I'll be there asap." the line fell silent and Jack made his way down to the front of the building, Hiccup's shallow breathing the only thing keeping him calm. A black car pulled up and Jack struggled to open the door. Getting in, Jack laid Hiccup gently on the back seat beside him and slammed the door shut. _

_To mine and please, make it quick." The driver nodded, Grey and blue hair bouncing slightly and Green eyes stared at him in the rear view mirror. _

"_What happened Jack? You were sent to retrieve-" The other said and Jack sighed. _

"_Someone interfered Aster."_

"_Well hang on, Yours isn't too far."_

* * *

><p>Jack glared at his phone as it rang again and he finally picked it up.</p>

"Agent Frost where are you!" the Russian voice filtered through and Jack sighed.

"The Recon didn't go too well North. My target was hit." Silence drifted through the room as North processed this information.

"Who knew about mission?" Jack shrugged.

"No-one. Only HQ and me. Top priority it was." a soft hum came from the other side and Jack frowned. "North? You've gone quiet. What are you thinking."

"Tis nothing, I shall inform you in person. Bud'te vnimatel'ny drug." Jack smiled.

"And you be careful too." Jack hung up and turned back to Hiccup. His breathing had become steady and Jack smiled gently. "Your a handful Agent Haddock." Jack sat back down as a knock came from the door. Picking up his pistol again, he made his way to the wooden door, past piles of messy clothes and take-a-way boxes. News papers and bottles of beer were dotted around the place and the walls were bare, an array of colours dotted around the place, all of which Jack ignored. "Who is it?" he called out, wincing at how his voice wavered slightly.

"It's your landlord! Open up Frost!" Jack tiptoed toward the door and looked through the keyhole. The man on the other side wore a black suit, a mop of brown hair matched brown eyes and Jack grinned.

"Nice try mate but my landlord's female. Quite pretty really." Jack took a few steps back as he noticed the male slip a hand into his suit jacket. The white haired male darted into a room to his left, his back hugging the wall in the darkness as the front door was blown in, the door falling forward and plaster was torn with it. Jack watched as the man walked past the room he was in and moved toward Hiccup. Stepping out lightly, Jack moved behind the man and raised his gun. The man spun around suddenly and knocked the gun from his hand, causing Jack to scowl.

How could he fall for something a rookie would?

He ducked as the man swung at him, kicking his legs from under him and pulled his blade out. Darting forward, Jack was knocked back as he was kicked in the chest, the air being forced from his lungs and his eyes widened as the other pulled out his own gun, the silver glinting in the feeble light. Flipping over the couch, Jack knelt behind as bullets tore into the bottom of it, as the firing paused, Jack popped up and nearly froze at the sight that met him. The attacker had Hiccup. The gun pointed at his head. Blade back in hand, Jack threw it at him, the blade embedding it's self into the other's wrist, the gun going wide and the bullet lodging it's self into the pillow beside Hiccup's head. Jack ran forward and grabbed the man, his arm wrapped around the others throat. Pinning him against the wall, The other man grew desperate, throwing punches at Jack's ribs, causing the white haired man to wince before he jerked his arm to the side and the other fell still, the loud snap echoing through the room followed by a thud as Jack dropped the body. Leaning down, the white haired male winced as his ribs protested and he yanked his blade from the dead man's wrist. Struggling over to the front door, Jack picked it up and leant it against the door frame.

His landlord was going to kill him.

He settled down onto the couch after he righted it and tried to catch his breath. His ribs really hurt. Footsteps outside the broken door made him grip the silver gun he'd liberated from the now dead man and point it at the door with his left hand from the couch. A knock filled the room and the door pitched forward, hitting the floor with a loud crash to reveal a tall, bulky man. His blue eyes widened as he saw Jack and he gestured to the room.

"May I enter?" Jack smiled and nodded, the gun dropping beside him.

"Yeah, put the door back though North." North smiled and stepped over the door before picking it up and placing it back against the door frame.

"Vhat happened?" The Russian asked and Jack smiled, his head falling backwards in exhaustion.

"That guy," he pointed to the dead man in the corner. "Said he was my landlord." North's eyes flicked to the younger male. "I don't think Peggy would be too happy to know she's a bloke now." the Russian smiled and sat next to the other. "So, what did I do to get your presence?" Jack smiled and North looked at him, his face grew serious and solemn.

"There is mole in HQ. Double agent." Jack's eyes widened. "Someone is killing agents off."

* * *

><p>Relatively Short but as i said, i wasn't too sure on this :s<p>

Bud'te vnitatel'ny drug Is Russian for **Be careful friend**.

Hope it's good enough!

Cookies or beer for those who Review!

Reviews are like... Redbull to me (That's what's been fueling these things by the way, my table has like... 8.. no 9 empty cans of redbull and 2 unopened. GUESS WHO'S GETTING UPDATES TONIGHT (Maybe lol)

Have fun! R&R :3

8. SkyFall- Our last night

OK! so I'm simply putting this up to see what you guys think,

This was caused by a sudden light bulb **Melting Angels** and i had :')

She's doing her version and I'm doing mine :')

**Guest: **The names of the songs and the artists/what they're from are the chapter titles.

It's from **Wicked! **The song is literally called **For good.**

oh and also: **Guest** i will try my hardest to get the Lana Del Rey one up asap... I'm still trying to figure it out lol

Let me know y'all!

oh beer and cookies for ya :)

Skyfall (Our last night cover)

* * *

><p>"OK! Closing time kids! Last quarter!" Doors closed and the lights shut off and the smiling face of Archer Hiccup Haddock fell into a defeated sigh. Turning away from the screen he faced the blonde behind him.<p>

"Oh hi Astrid." the blonde grinned at him.

"Your Royal uselessness." she said while bowing. Hiccup rolled his eyes and pulled off the long white cloak with fur around the top. It wasn't really that often that Hiccup was chosen, only a fair few actually chose an archer in a fantasy game, the more popular ones being a Warrior, that was Astrid or Snotlout, A Mage, Fishlegs or

Camicazi or a Rouge, Ruffnut or Tuffnut. Archers were very rarely used, hence why it was just him. He wasn't that bad of a shot, he just had to do what the user told him, which most of the time was a really lousy shot.

"oh ha-ha Astrid. Oh please stop, my ribs hurt with the hilarity." Hiccup retorted, voice dripping with sarcasm. The blonde glared at him and twisted his arm behind him, causing him to fall to the floor. "Ow! Why would you do that?!" he shouted as the others surrounded him.

"Ha-ha! Looks like someone actually chose the worthless for once! Your lucky Hic-dumb! That'll be the last time in a very long time!" Snotlout shouted and Hiccup rolled his eyes as Astrid let go of him and dropped her axe handle onto his back.

"OW!" Astrid covered her mouth in mock horror.

"Oh I'm so sorry! My axe slipped, I couldn't concentrate with all your patheticness." The blonde sneered at him and he sighed before picking himself up gingerly, his back really hurt now. It wasn't too bad earlier, despite being nearly killed with a close range fight with a pack of wolves.

"Yeah.. good one guys. I'll be back later." he said as he put his bow on his back and his arrows hung from his waist. He walked off as they started laughing, Fishlegs and Camicazi watching as he left.

0o0o0o0o0o

The train ride into GameCentral wasn't too long but it was long enough that Hiccup had time to put two braids in his hair and sort out his dirt caked face. His arm hurt slightly from a rather deep cut that he hadn't noticed.

Perfect. He'd have to go to nurse Joy's. She hated helping Pokemon it seemed but she was rather nice to the young archer. She was, after all, the most qualified nurse of the arcade's GameCentral. Stepping off the train, Hiccup found himself in a large room, the dimly lit room had graffiti dotted around the place but he ignored it completely in favour of walking through into a busy station room. There were gates leading off, all had the names above them. There was Tron to one corner, Golf tour to the other. Hiccup looked up to his own sign, the bright neon lights saying Battle of Berk shone back at him causing him to sigh, his right hand gripping the bleeding cut as he walked over to the stand with Pokemon above it. Hiccup took a deep breath and jumped over the wall.

He really hoped nothing else would grace it's self with his presence.

"Hiccup!" a female voice snapped him out of his musings and he looked around, spotting the pink haired woman fairly quickly.

"Hey Joy." he smiled as she bounced over to him, freezing when she spotted his hand clamped on his arm. "Heh, yeah I got picked for once." nurse joy smiled before gesturing for him to follow. They entered a white room to one side and Hiccup stood in front of the table set to one side and reached for his coin bag. Green eyes

widened when he didn't find it. "Oh you've got to be kidding me." Joy turned to back to Hiccup who slumped slightly. "They took my coins. I can't pay you." Joy frowned, at a loss of what to do.

"Hic I wish I could help but I don't get coins." Hiccup smiled and nodded, his hand still holding firmly onto the cut, he was starting to get cramp in his hand.

"It's alright Joy, I'll think of something." Nurse joy nodded, looking sadly at him. "Right. Well. Sorry for wasting your time." Hiccup turned to leave when Joy hugged him.

"It'll get better Hiccup, I promise." Hiccup didn't reply and just smiled. Stepping back into GameCentral, Hiccup winced as a tall, bulky man bumped into his arm, causing a sharp pain to shoot through into his shoulder.

"Ow! Hey watch it." The man who turned glared at Hiccup, blue eyes staring back at him. "heh... sorry." the hulking man turned away and the small brunette sighed before turning his eyes toward the gate opposite to him. 'Seasons Spirits' it read. He'd never gone out of game before, aside from the bar sometimes and to Joy's. He wasn't going Pitchner, Just... explore his other options. Hiccup smiled and readjusted his arrows at his hip before taking a step forward, an alarm going off as he crossed the thresh hold.

"Hold it!" Hiccup sighed and turned back toward the Female NPC.
"Alright, You know the drill."

"Oh come on Anna! Every time I try to enter somewhere!" Hiccup complained. Anna didn't look up at him.

"Name."

"Sonic." Hiccup replied, voice dripping with sarcasm. The NPC sighed and repeated herself. "Ugh Hiccup Haddock."

"What game you come from?"

"Battle of Berk."

"Bring anything with you?"

"Nope."

"No weapons?" Hiccup froze, he forgot about his bow and arrows.

"Uh, no?" the NPC nodded and turned away.

"Alright Haddock. Have a good time and make sure your back before opening." Hiccup walked backwards, hiding his bow and arrows till Anna had blinked out. He sighed and turned toward the docking station.

"Alright! Now.. how..?" There was no train, there didn't even seem like a floor. Hiccup looked around and spotted a rope and smiled. "There we go." He picked up the rope, smiling at the length and tied one end to an arrow. Tying the other end to a post, Hiccup took aim, Time slowed down for him as he breathed out and released the arrow, it flew through the Docking station and connected to something on the

other side. Reaching into his bag, Hiccup pulled out a wheel and used his leather harness as a seat. He created some sort of pulley system and pushed himself off and into the world. As He sat, the gash in his arm throbbing and the archer felt dizzy. He couldn't die from blood loss.

Could he?

Hiccup shook his head, trying to clear the buzzing in his head and to remind himself he wasn't there for the tutorial. He was a patch. Well. That was what he'd been told. He couldn't really remember much any more. He'd been incredibly lucky that he hadn't even had a game over screen for the 5 years they'd been in the arcade. Green eyes slipped shut just as he entered the game, slipping forward as the pulley jerked forward, meeting the end of it's line and hiccup pitched forward, the simulated gravity taking hold and he started to fall. Something cold and wet hit the back of his head, causing him to jerk forward and his eyes to snap open. His arrow was falling just above him and Hiccup grabbed it, his arm protesting as the rope snapped tight and he swung with speed toward the mountain side.

"Oh come on." Hiccup screwed his eyes shut and prepared for the harsh stop when he felt weird for a second and opened his eyes. The rope snapped and Hiccup was thrown forwards, the temperature dropping dramatically as he slid down a slide of ice. Hiccup yelled as he was thrown around, being launched into the air and through loop-de-loops was now on his 'I don't want to ever experience this again' list (he had started it last week after Astrid had introduced 'yak-nog' He'd been ill for three days afterwards) he groaned as he looked ahead and saw a dead end with no way of stopping himself. Once again being launched into the air, Hiccup flew over a chasm before being slammed to a stop on a small shelf jutting out of the chasm, puffs of breath visible in front of his now unconscious form.

* * *

><p>Once again this is un-betaed as Melting Angels is busy (though i haven't sent her this one yet but i will)

So yeah!

Let me know if i should continue it

The next scene (literally) has Jack in it :3

Reviews get beer and cookies!

Neko: out x

9. Heidi Mollenhauer- God help the outcasts

Ok so i've actually had this ready since like... last week

but

i've been so freaking busy it's not even funny :(

but there SHOULD be many tonight.

These are unbeta'd since fanfiction is trolling **Melting Angels** and i :(

Enjoy peepz!

* * *

><p>God Help the outcasts - hunchback of Notre Damme**

Jack Sighed and Sat down, his legs curled under him as he looked up to the clear Starry night. How many times had he sat here, all alone in the woods in the middle of the night with no-one to listen to him or to just keep him Company? The stone under him was hard and unforgiving, ice and frost coated the floor and trees around him from his angered outburst. Blue eyes watched the Skies and smiled sadly. He'd never Spoken to the moon before, not once believing he'd heard the moon that night. 50 years he'd been at this. 50 years of silence. 50 years of painful, mind numbing cold and Solitude. He'd been running through the words in his head and now he was going to try. He'd landed in a cold island, Berk he'd heard it being called. There was a temple nearby where the villagers used music to Speak to their Viking gods. Jack paid no mind to it as he looked to his hands and took a breath.

_ "I don't know if you can hear me,_

_ or if your even there._

_ I don't know if you would listen, to a gypsies prayer._

_ Yes I know I'm just an outcast, I shouldn't speak to you._

_ Still I see your face and wonder, where you once an outcast too?"_

Jack froze as the words filled the air around him, his mouth open but his words were still In his throat. His words had not left him and yet he was hearing them. Looking around he spotted a small cliff face with a figure stood on it, head tilted toward the moon, a mop of auburn hair bathed in silver light. Taking a deep breath jack looked away and finally sang.

_ "God help the outcasts_

_ hungry from birth_

_ show them the mercy,_

_ they don't find on earth"_

_ "Gods help my people, we look to you still_

_ Gods help the outcasts, or no-body will."_ Jack let his eyes slide shut as the other continued

_ "They as for wealth, They ask for fame, they ask for glory to shine on their name. They ask for love, they can possess, they ask the gods and their angels to bless them while-_ Jack cut the other off this time.

_ "I ask for nothing, I can get by, but I know so many, less lucky than I." _

_ "Please help my people, the poor and down trod." _

_ "I thought we all were, the children of gods." _ They both sang, in perfect harmony and timing, a warmth spread through jack's chest. A kindred spirit it seems.

_ "Gods help the outcasts- " _

_ "Children of gods." _ Jack let his eyes open again and looked toward the other, his soft smile fell when he realised the other was looking in his direction before a hand ran through hair and the figure was gone.

"Hey wait!" Jack jumped up and grabbed his staff, taking to the air before landing on the cliff the figure had been on. Jack sighed and looked back to the moon. "Help them. Whoever they were, they needed you more than me. Please... I don't know why you put me here and I doubt I'm gonna find out any time soon. But please, help the person that was stood here." Jack sighed and his head dropped to his chest before a twig snapped behind him and he span round to see the figure from before.

"Who are you?" a male voice drifted over to the winter spirit and Jack gripped his staff, disbelief running through him.

"J- Jack. Jack frost." he stammered, so unused to being asked questions. The other's shoulders dropped and a deep sigh was heard.

"So the gods listened and made me insane. When I asked if you would listen I didn't mean Loki." he muttered and Jack smiled.

"Yeah I'm not made up. I'm real." Jack leant on his staff, his head resting on his arm, pale hands gripping the wood tightly. The auburn haired boy, for that's all he looked really as he was far to short to be a fully grown Viking, tilted his head slightly and Jack smiled again, this boy seemed just like him in nearly every way. Short, skinny, alone...

"Why then are you named Jokul Frosti?" Jack blinked.

"say what now? Jokoo who?" the boy snickered and looked toward the moon, green eyes were bright, even in the darkness and jack felt goosebumps rise on his arms.

"Jokul Frosti... Jack frost. You.. you sa- " the boy cut himself off, a laugh escaping him and Jack smirked, this kid was easy to amuse it seemed. "Oh man, that's by far the best thing I've heard all week... then again this is the first conversation all week." Jack frowned.

"Isn't it the end of the week?" he asked and the boy nodded, silence fell over the two again and jack bit his lip, the other swinging his arms. "What's your name?"

"Huh?" the other's head tilted slightly again and jack smiled,

standing up straight.

"Your name. You know mine, I thought it was only fair I know yours." The white haired male grinned, causing the shorter one of the two to frown.

"Oh.. uh. Hiccup. My name's Hiccup." Jack raised an eyebrow.

"Hiccup? You don't look like a hiccup." Hiccup folded his arms causing jack to flinch and realize he'd insulted the boy. "Ah no I don't mean like that.. I mean.. isn't that what people usually call mistakes or something? I'm saying you don't look like a mistake.. I've made it worse." Jack wiped a hand over his face and rubbed the back of his head.

"Yeah well... I am." Jack froze and looked toward Hiccup. The boy was looking down at his feet and jack could see the un-shed tears in his eyes. Without thinking he walked over and wrapped his arms around the boy, silently cheering when he didn't go through him. The boy stiffened and Jack held him.

"Your not a hiccup or a mistake. You seem to me rather smart and nice." Jack spoke softly and Hiccup relaxed slightly before pulling back, Jack looked down and realised the boy was tanned, freckles adorned his face and crooked teeth were suddenly showed to him.

"Thank you Jack."

"Any time Short-stack." Hiccup froze this time and Jack grinned. "I said Hiccup didn't suit you so I'm giving you another name... Even better! Your a Viking right?" Hiccup blanched at this, his mouth opening and closing a few times.

"Um.. I guess so?"

"Then i'm calling you Dragon Boy." Hiccup's eyes widened and Jack smiled.

"But we kill dragons!" Jack rested his staff on his shoulders, the smaller boy stepped closer, a few inches shorter.

"But you don't even believe your a Viking. I'd rather be a dragon boy than a fish." Hiccup blinked, utterly confused and jack laughed.

"Come on Dragon boy, I believe this is a start to a beautiful friendship." Hiccup gaped at him again.

"Whatever you say Frost-butt." Jack laughed before the two settled down.

Far above them the moon shone down, silver rays bathing the two and a tall man with silver hair and grey eyes smiled as he watched.

"Probably not what either of you meant, but at least you can be outcasts together."

This is what my nan would call an apology.

in other words, an apology.

i never intended to leave things so long!

BUT!

i am determined to upload up to date tonight :)

so this is just a heads up!

so sorry guys!

Forgive me?

extra beer and cookies?

11. Goo Goo dolls - Not broken (version 1)

Hiccup sighed as he pushed his pencil up and down his table. His left arm was tucked under his head, as his green eyes followed the pencil's progress back toward him before his finger pushed it away again. It seemed symbolic in its own right, really. How he had been running away so much, but he still ended up right back at the beginning again.

The pencil slipped from its path and landed beside his arm, causing him to pause and stare at it. He felt like the pencil at that moment. How he was only there to be used, pushed away, only to be sent back again, at the first opportunity gravity had.

Toothless was in his house, sleeping away like he should be, but with the first signs of winter, came sleepless nights for the young Viking.

Sighing, Hiccup stood up and turned toward the door, his prosthetic squeaking slightly and causing him to glare at it. He couldn't be the silent, solitary person he was any more either. It seemed that the whole village had memorised the sound of his prosthetic. Grabbing his book and tucking it into his coat, Hiccup left the warmth of the forge, the chilly night air washing over him, as his mind wandered again.

Where was the strange boy with white hair who said nothing? The blue shirt was strange enough but the white hair sparked interest. It reminded him of the snow that would fall softly around him, coating everything in a sparkling white blanket. The blue of his eyes that made him remember winter days with clear skiesâ€¢the pale skin that seemed so odd, yet so right for the boy. Hiccup sighed and looked up, emerald eyes searching for the strange boy. He'd been coming for years, watching from afar, when he thought that Hiccup wasn't. Butâ€¢nothing really happened without the chief to be knowing.

Flecks of white suddenly assaulted the brunettes eye sight, and red lips stretched into a soft smile. The boy always followed soon after the first snowfall in Berk.

"Come on blue."

He'd nicknamed him blue, since that's the colour that seemed to fit best with him.

Forgoing any previous thoughts of sleeping, Hiccup grabbed a torch and ran toward the cliffs, facing the docks. Snow was falling heavily as he stood and waited, eyes searching any sign of the white haired boy that only he seemed to notice. His sign came not in a ship, but from a shout of pure joy in the sky. Green eyes darted upward, mouth falling open as he saw the object of his thoughts back flip through the sky, unaided by a dragon, and seemingly just...glide through the darkness. The boy's startling white hair was like a beacon in the inky blackness, and Hiccup felt his breath hitch. He'd known the boy was strange, even special, but this?

This was amazing.

Stumbling to keep him in his sights, Hiccup followed from the ground, running as fast as he could below him, determined to finally meet the boy in blue.

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

Jack laughed as he spun in the air, the snowflakes twirling around him, his staff held firmly in his grasp. Occasionally, he glanced back at the golden ship that was following him. Why the Guardians wanted to follow him while he was working was a mystery to him, but he was grateful for the company all the same. Bunny was leant against the side of the ship, face green slightly, as Jack flew beside the pooka.

"Aw bunny, what's wrong?"

E. Aster Bunnymund was not happy, and a flying, sarcastic spirit was sure to make him angrier.

"Rack off frostbite." Jack grinned, shrugged, and flew on as the ship descended into a cove, a lake set in the middle.

Autumn's hold had littered the floor with the array of reds, golds, and shades of brown, instead of the normally vibrant, green life. Pale toes touched the grass and frost shot out, Jack's hand rubbing the back of his head.

"Sorry, still getting used to this extra power thing." he muttered as Bunny glowered at him.

Jack smiled sheepishly, and turned toward the lake. Snow was falling steadily now, and Jack frowned as he noticed it growing heavier, and more violent. He glanced back at the others, who were setting up camp in a cave that seemed already hollowed out, and almost ready for occupancy again. There were furs in the corner, and a small fire pit to one side away from the entrance.

Jack shook his head and turned toward the growing storm above them. He knew this wasn't caused by him but it wasn't supposed to be here. It wasn't right for the time. Nodding to himself, he shot off, flying high, and missing a small figure in the tree line.

Floating in the sky, Jack tried to focus, as his power was feeding the storm, and he knew he had to get it under control again. It was a strange feeling; his power was leaving him, yet returning to him just as quickly.

Holding onto his staff tightly, Jack's eyes closed and focused on the centre of the storm, his power being drained, from the effort of calming the unforgiving weather. It took longer than anticipated, but by the time the storm had dissipated, Jack could barely stay upright. His eyes drooped and his chest hurt and as he moved, just slightly, so he could start his descent back to the group, white hot pain shot through him, and Jack immediately knew he'd used too much. The sudden shot of pain sapped the last of his strength, and his eyes rolled backward as he fell toward the ground.

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

Hiccup had watched for a little while before he heard a snap behind him, and he winced, turning slowly to see his best friend and Dragon behind him.

"Ok so I know I said I wouldn't be long but Toothless! Remember me telling you about the boy that I only saw when winter was here?"

The dragon blinked.

"He's here! He's up there and he's making the storm stop! I mean- this is- he- Toothless!"

Hiccup had turned back to see the white haired boy twitch, before it seemed he pitched forward, and was now falling. Without another word, Hiccup had jumped onto the black dragon's back and shot up, the wind pushing back his auburn bangs from his eyes, and he jumped up and off the dragons back, the white haired boy settling into his arms as they fell together, before Hiccup reattached himself to Toothless, and they landed in the cove.

Hiccup looked around and spotted the cave before running in. There was a wave of warmth that washed over him, and green eyes blinked at the burning fire in the corner. No-one knew about the cove except Astrid, and she'd promised that it was just Hiccup and Toothless' special place.

Laying the boy next to the fire, Hiccup gathered as many furs as he could, and wrapped them around the shaking frame of blue. Kneeling next to him, the Viking gently brushed the white hair from the pale face, fingertips tingling with the strange coldness that emanated from the boy. Green eyes looked up, and locked with the black dragon, before settling back and leaning against the cave wall, exhaustion taking over. Hiccup soon fell asleep, his dreams plagued with his father's disapproving voice, and Astrid's harsh words.

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

"Jack? Jack come on, you need to wake up."

Blue eyes struggled open, and Jack groaned as the heat hit him properly. A multitude of colours assaulted his vision and Jack

smiled, lips cracking as they parted.

"Hey Tooth." He managed, exhaustion and pain still throbbing through him.

Tooth smiled back at him as she gently touched his cheek.

"Oh Jack, you should have told us that you were going to do something dangerous." Tooth fretted.

Jack smiled and struggled up, the furs falling off him, and shaking arms helped to drag him back from the fire, the cool air soothing his burning cheeks and sweat covered forehead. Bunny helped him sit up against a wall before scowling at him.

"Yeah the first thing we know about it is that kid carrying you in!" A grey furred digit tore his focus from the group, and to a figure at the back of the cave.

A black shape moved slightly, and suddenly green eyes stared at him, and the cat like pupils bore into him, as the frost spirit gulped, before blinking.

"Wait... hyrr?" Jack muttered, and the black shape twitched, the cat like eyes softening, pupils going wide as they regarded him, and Jack stood up shakily, staff in hand once more, before walking over to the black shape.

"Woah frostbite! What are ya doing?"

Jack waved a hand behind him and kept his eyes on the dragon before him.

"Is... is that you bud?" Jack said softly, and knelt before the creature who regarded him, completely calm. Reaching forward a pale hand, Jack bit his lip and held his breath as the dragon placed his head against the hand. "HA! It is you!" He shouted, before hugging the dragon who growled softly.

It's wings opened, and Jack froze. There, in the dragon's embrace, was a small boy who looked around 13. The boy's green tunic and furs were twisted slightly, and auburn hair was messy, as flushed cheeks turned to face the group. Freckles adorned the tanned skin.

Jack frowned.

"Jack, who is that?" He heard Tooth's voice drift over to him and he looked at the dragon.

"What're you doing with freckles Hyrr?" The dragon shifted, and began to nudge the boy.

Green eyes opened, and a frown settled on the boys face.

"Toothless, why'd you do that? You of all people should-" The boy trailed off as he sat up and turned, coming face to face with the kneeling winter spirit.

"Blue!"

Jack blinked and looked behind him at the others, who shrugged. Looking back at the boy, Jack raised an eyebrow.

"Oh.. uh.. I dont know your name." Hiccup said sheepishly.

Jack froze again as he realised something.

"Wait.. you can see me?"

The boy nodded, sitting back, before wincing and bringing a leg in front of him, nimble hands rubbing his knee. Jack noticed the wooden contraption in place of the rest of the leg, and he looked at the Dragon.

"Hyrr what's going on? I thought you guys hated humans! And why can this one see me?"

The brunette raised an eyebrow, and put a hand on his chest.

"Hey! So that's they thanks I get for saving your sorry ass?"

Jack blinked and grinned, before poking the boy in the forehead.

He could touch him.

"Oh this is great! In all the years I've been coming here I never thought someone would be able to see me!" he turned to the rest of the group, who were smiling, well... Tooth and North were smiling, Sandy was dozing, and Bunny just looked as grumpy as always.

"Um, what are you looking at?" Hiccup asked, confused.

Jack's eyes widened

* * *

><p>i am SO SO SORRY!</p>

I know i promised loads the other day but i crashed and then i just pretty much slept for like a day :')

i do appologise.

This one is BETA'd by my wonderful friend (i like to think of her as a friend :')) **Melting Angels**

but

she's on holiday (i think, she could be back today)

BUT! There **WILL** be more of the SPY AU tonight

and maybe a start of the Hacker AU i have planned :3

planned is such a strong word...

more...

idea'd

if that makes sense...

you know the drill!

12. Imagine Dragons - Radioactive (Spy pt3)

Ok so here's another one :)

Hope you like this one.

also un-beta'd as i dont quite know when **Melting Angels** is back
but hey :)

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Here's part 3 of the SPY arc :3</p>

(Radioactive)

Blue eyes widened and Jack looked down.

"What? North what do you mean someone's killing agents? Are you saying that... That... but..." North laid a hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"Do not Worry. Do you have other home?" Jack looked at North and sighed.

"HQ knows about all of them." North nodded and looked at the still figure on the bed.

"This is target?" North stood up and walked over to Hiccup, Jack watching every step.

"Yeah, Hiccup. Good news is that his Contract with his previous employed has been terminated. Bad news is, He still might die." North turned back toward the 20 year old and smiled.

"Then I know where you go." North smiled and spread his arms open.
"Pack! Go! You leave in 3." Jack blinked.

"Leave to where?" North waved his hand and smiled.

"Less is said, is better my friend." Jack smiled and stood up before wincing, a hand wrapping around his ribs. "Vhat is it?" Jack looked at the older man and smiled gently.

"Just a couple of good shots to the ribs, nothing serious I'm sure." North nodded and gestured for Jack to pack.

"I vill keep Dragon safe." Jack nodded and went into the bedroom to change and pack.

0o0o0o0o0o0

Jack was done in less than 3, giving him time to rest against the door into the apartment.

"Tis... nice place." Jack snickered and pushed off the wall.

"It looks like trash. Hell, even dumps look better!" Jack sat next to Hiccup and watched him. "All I could get in this town without drawing suspicion. Still... It might be nice to not have to mop the ceiling." North blinked.

"You mop ceiling?" Jack grinned and pointed above the couch to where an array of cobwebs nearly encased the light bulb, a crack leaking a black fluid.

"See, Mop the ceiling." Jack grinned at the look of pure horror and disgust on North's face and sighed, wincing at the pain in his ribs. North sighed and checked his watch.

"Come. We leave now." Jack nodded and disconnected Hiccup from the heart monitor, North picking him up gently as Jack slipped into his 'matrix coat' as he explained to North at his confused look.

"I like the matrix, what better than a long black leather coat?" North shook his head, smiling.

"Head up, you will soon see." Jack frowned but nodded, opening the broken door and leaning it against the adjacent wall. "How will you explain door?" North asked as he stepped through, Jack placed it back before replying and picking up his bag.

"Ah I told Peggy I had an ex who was extremely psycho and violent. I'd already said to her I'd pay for any damages." North nodded and set off toward the stairs leading to the roof. They were on the top floor anyway and Jack pulled out a key, opening the door to the pouring rain. He pulled off his coat and covered Hiccup. No sense in him getting a cold too.

Following the large man, Jack looked around and spotted the helicopter coming toward them. Looking toward North, the white haired agent gripped his gun. "I really hope this is yours Nick." North nodded and smiled as the Chopper landed.

"Get in." North had climbed up, tucking Hiccup into a body board to keep him stationary. Jack threw his bag in and reached out for the handle when a bullet hit the outer edge of the chopper, just missing his head. Jack ducked and scowled, his pistol being slipped out yet again.

"Go! I'll jump in in a sec!" North nodded and pulled out his own gun as the chopper lifted off, heading toward the edge of the building and Jack glared at the figure opposite. The figure was in black, a hood covered the figure's head and a tight black top made Jack smirk. "Seems like the girls get it worse than the blokes. That top does so very little for your figure love." The female growled and darted forward, Jack's eyes widened at the speed she took off at him.

"Any other bits of advice dead man?" Jack heard her speak and grinned, dropping down as she swung at him, his dagger already in hand.

"Yeah! Give up." She kicked out at him and Jack winced, his already sore ribs caught in the cross fire of her boot. "You kick like a

mule! I wonder who's side of the family you get that from?" he said, the woman growling and swung at him, her nails catching his cheek and Jack felt the sting as she tore skin. He kicked her back and glanced at the helicopter at the end of the row of flats. "As riveting as this is, I really must dash. Ciao!" He shouted and threw a small package at her, the contents exploding in a cloud of colourful pink smoke before kicking off and running toward the hovering chopper. He heard her cry of fury and jumped over a gap between the buildings before jumping forward, hands just about grabbing the Helicopter's landing gear. Swinging forward, Jack wrapped his legs around the pole before pulling out his liberated pistol and fired at her, grinning as she stood and fired back. It wasn't until they were over the river that he put the gun away and struggled up to the cab of the chopper. The wind whipped around him and Jack was exhausted, The rain making everything slippery. His hand slipped and he began to fall when a hand shot out and grabbed his.

"I don't know about you my Friend, but I don't think that Side walk is good look for you." Jack grinned as he was lifted into the chopper and the door was shut behind him.

"Yeah I have that idea too. Thanks for that North." Nick smiled and clasped his shoulder, Jack's knees buckling slightly.

"Bah! Is what friends are for da?" Jack smiled before groaning, pain suddenly catching up with him and a pale hand went to his side, coming back red. Blue eyes looked at the older man and Jack smiled.

"Well crap." was all he managed before he passed out, pitching forward and landing next to Hiccup.

North looked at the two and shook his head.

"Rookies."

* * *

><p>I do have like... another part to this done so it's up to you guys when you get it :)</p>

Next will be the Hacker Au (hopefully)

BEER AND COOKIES FOR REVIEWS!

13. linkin park- what i've done Hacker au

Linkin Park â€“ What i've done

Hacker AU

enjoy!

* * *

><p>Green eyes stare at the computer screen in front of a tanned man of 19. Numbers roll across the screen and letters and symbols flash across. A set of black glasses perches on a tanned button nose and lips part, crooked teeth are just about visible as a tongue darts

across the winter beaten lips. Tanned fingertips dart across a laptop keyboard as a black box pops up, causing the Auburn haired male to smile. The lid of the laptop is slammed shut and green converse move out of the Cafe booth. A black pen drive is pulled from the USB drive on the side of the brown laptop before being shoved into the black leather jacket that hangs off thin shoulders. A green scarf was wrapped around a freckled neck, a green jumper low enough to reveal a brown tee underneath. Black jeans clung to thin legs as the laptop was stuffed into a yellow satchel at the man's side, a dragon on the front before glasses were pushed back up his nose and a cup of coffee was paid for.<p>

Light foot steps lead the man out of the small cafÃ© as a taller white-haired male bumps into him. Blue eyes look down at the other before a smile is cracked at him.

"Hiccup!" Hiccup smiles back, a hand reaches to rub the back of his head.

"Hey Agent Frost. Need help again?" Agent Frost smiles and nods, gesturing for Hiccup to re-enter the Cafe, which he does. Green eyes dart to the blonde haired woman behind the counter who smiles, a pale hand makes a small gesture to which Agent Frost misses. Hiccup smiles again, this time to the woman and he walks over to her.

"So! What'll it be Henrick?" The woman with grey eyes dart to the Agent looking at the cookies before looking back at the Shorter male in front of her. Hiccup smiles and places his right hand onto the counter.

"Well I was wondering if we could use your office Astrid. There's some stuff we need to talk about." Astrid smiles at him and places her hand over his and nods.

"Sure thing. I'll just get the boss to open it." Hiccup smiles and takes his hand away, Agent frost beside him again.

"She seems nice." Hiccup smiles and nods as a large man walks out, blonde hair messy.

"Hey Henrick. Follow me." Hiccup nods and gestures for the Agent to follow, pale hands buried deep into Black suit pants. Frost's white shirt is creased at parts, making Hiccup realize that the agent probably hadn't slept in a few days. Dark shadows were starting to be visible on the Agents face as they walk down the dark corridor. A steel door is opened and the two men walk in, the blonde man remaining outside. "You know what to do Henrick. Have fun." the door shuts and Hiccup turns as the older man pushes him against a wall, cold lips press against warm ones as Hiccup's eyes slid shut, Glasses falling slightly. The taste of coffee is strong on the agents lips and Hiccup's tongue darts out to quickly have a taste before the two part and green eyes open to look at the flustered Agent.

"Sorry, been wanting to do that for a while." Agent Frost bites his lip and Hiccup grins before walking over to a table, his laptop is pulled out again and he glances at the blushing white haired male.

"your not the only one." Frost's lip part into a grin as he moves over to Hiccup who Sits down and boots up the laptop again. "So tell

me about this problem." The white-haired male slips a hand into his suit jacket and pulls out a silver pen drive, words and numbers pop up onto the screen and the Auburn haired male studies them.

"This is the coding the hacker uses. We havent been able to crack it yet." Green eyes look at the Agent over the black rims of the glasses.

"So you brought it to me." Hiccup grins and the Agent blushes.

"Yeah well.. Dont let it go to your head." Hiccup laughs and looks back at the screen.

"Too late Frosty." the blue-eyed male groans and sits down opposite, head hitting his arms that are folded on the table.

"We're dooomed." he cries out dramatically and Hiccup laughs again, Fingers dancing over the keyboard again.

15 minutes later Hiccup looks up, a smile on his face. The room is silent save for the sound of the fan of the laptop and the soft snores of the Agent across from him. He felt bad for having to wake the obviously tired Agent but he had no choice. Standing up, Hiccup quietly walks over to the sleeping man and gently shakes him, earning a groan.

"Jack wake up." Blue eyes blink and look around the room before landing on the laptop opposite him. Jack looked at the brunette beside him and ran a hand over his face, cheeks red with marks on his face from his suit jacket. "I'm done." Hiccup goes back to the computer before frowning. Jack stands and moves beside him, the light of the computer lighting their faces in the sudden darkness as the lights flicker off. Jack's head looks up at the ceiling before down at the auburn haired man.

"That's new." Hiccup nods and types for a second before a loud screech fills the room, causing the two to cover their ears. The laptop screen flashes white and a black face is shown on it, golden eyes staring at them before a cackle of a laugh fills the room and the laptop starts to smoke. Hiccup's eyes go wide before pulling the pen drive out and jumps back from the table, tripping backwards over the chair and falling back, his head hitting the floor painfully as the door opens slightly and a small canister is rolled in, green smoke quickly fills the room and Jack kneels down to help Hiccup up.

"Wha- What's going on?!" Hiccup's voice fills the room and Jack holds the smaller male close, his head feels full of wool as Hiccup's grip starts to slacken on Jack's arm. Hiccup's knees give out and Jack slides down the wall to a sitting position as the skinnier man passes out, glasses falling off his face as the Agent's eyes grow heavy and notice men filling the room with gas masks, yellow eyes glinting in the growing darkness before Jack passes out, his head falls to the side to rest against Hiccup's before the men move forward and drag the men out, the glasses and a silver pen drive lay forgotten on the floor, a testament to what had happened.

* * *

><p>a different writing style to what im used to but hey :)</p>

this is another arc i'll end up doing if people like it.

beer and cookies for people who review!

14. Sarah Mackie - Photo Album

Yes, Sarah, Ben, Phil, Richard, Becky and John are all real people.

They all live in england.

And yes, i am sarah :)

So I was sat listening to a song and re-reading over one of the stories

when it hit me.

It was time.

Time to introduce one of my songs.

So here it is.

Here is Photo AlbumÂ©

And dont steal it, I do have it copywritten :)

* * *

><p>we should look for the signs of the coming day

a loosened tongue's what people say

should I look to the future, im happy with today

come what may

Jack sighed as he looked out the window of the bar. It was small and quiet and dimly lit. exactly what he needed. Light and noise were just recipies for disaster with his current mood. How some people could just be happy was a mystery. And because of people talking he was alone. Again. Sipping at his Disaronno and red bull, Jack's blue eyes roamed the pub. The regulars were there. Becka behind the bar with her smile and long brown hair, John with his short hair and endless amount of humour. The group in the corner always served to amuse him. The short man, known as Richard or Ricardo by his friends was trying to figure something out that had his friends amused. One had short brown hair, Ben, his slim frame shook as he laughed silently at his friend's idiocy, the fake blonde next to him, Sarah, was openly laughing, painted purple nails glinted in the soft light as she picked up her drink, the same as his (he knew as he'd bought her it, she'd thanked him and nearly down right refused until he'd smiled and said that it was his pleasure to see familiarity.) and drank through the straw before their curly haired friend, Phil, said something that made her choke almost.

"Guys, for people in uni, im surprised at how thick you all can be!"

her voice drifted over to him and he smiled as she fixed her purple checkered shirt over her red tank top. The man who had his head on the table looked up at her and poked her in the rib that caused her to squeak and glare at him, her cheeks turning red.

"Says you! Sarah a few weeks ago your hair went from blonde, to grey to white! All in four days!" The girl grinned and poked her tongue out at him.

"And it will be red tomorrow Ben so shush!" the boy smiled and shook his head before picking up his pint. Jack smiled and shook his head at her antics as she sighed and took another sip as a auburn haired man walked in. A tanned hand reached up and pulled off a ball cap before stuffing it into his satchel at his side.

Come on in what you make of that

relax my friend take off your hat

we'll sit right here and drink some tea

while we have a chat

what you make of that?

Jack watched the man with interest as he sat down at the bar, his back to the group he had been watching and sipped at a glass of whisky. (he was observant when it came to drinks.) Sitting there watching him, he noticed Sarah stand up and grin at the boys.

"Yeah well! Duty calls! Open mic night people!" She turned from the boys, missing the fond smile that crossed Ben's face and the grin the other two shared. She walked toward the white haired male before smiling and spoke to John, the bar man smiling and nodding to the girl and she turned toward the guitar and mic stood beside where Jack was sat. Black jeans framed her legs and a pair of black converse framed her feet, silver studs on the side that made Jack smirk. The Auburn haired man was watching her with interest almost, Green eyes watching her pick up the guitar and a stool from beside him. Jack and the man locked eyes and a blush appeared across the other's cheeks, Freckles standing out against the redness. Jack grinned at the man before turning to Sarah again as she spoke into the now hooked up mic.

"This is for my friend who bought me my favorite drink earlier. Cheers snowflake." Jack's cheeks heated up as she grinned at him and his head hit the table, her laugh ringing out into the chatter of the pub.

My brother he's 5 foot 9 he's

not related but a dear friend of mine

_theres a shadow out to get him _

but that's fine

its not a crime

Jack looked up as she sang, smiling at the words and at how true they

were. His shadow was more than out to get him but hey, cant have everything. Freckles was watching him he noticed and he shot a grin in his direction, causing the other to blush again and raise his glass. Jack stood up and took his empty glass (when had it been emptied?) to the bar as freckle's phone rang. Sarah's guitar was playing still in the background, the chords she used seemed to lift his spirits alone.

come on friend we'll have you over and

reminice of white cliffs of dover

_the fair green fields made of clover _

just remember, leave the rover

"No Astrid.. No... you... Listen to me! Im not coming Astrid. I'm done. No more. Just... Just leave me alone." Jack glanced to the side, noticing that freckles had hung up and downed the rest of his whisky. Jack smiled and nodded at the glass.

"Drinking that stuff surely cant be good for you." Freckles looked up at the sound of his voice and smiled sheepishly.

"Yeah well with the day i've had, can you blame me?" Jack smiled and nodded.

"Yeah I know the feeling mate." Freckles (as that was what Jack had named him. They suited him anyway.) sighed and looked at Becky. Jack caught her as she walked past though. "I'm payng for his becks. And same again for me please." Becky smiled and nodded, freckles ordering a bells whisky and Jack smiled at his choice.

_father son and holy ghost _

we've never really been that close

but i'll pray for you

he'll make sure I do

just for you

The drinks arrive and Freckles looked confused as becky walked off, green eyes darting to Jack's blue.

"Hey can't blame a guy for trying to make you feel better." freckles smiled and raised the glass, to which Jack mimicked. Taking a drink, Jack watched Sarah for a second as she played, a smile never leaving her face. This was what she loved. You could tell.

"So what's your name?" Jack jumped at the sound of Freckle's voice, white hair bouncing as his head shot toward the sound of the other's voice.

"Huh? Oh, Jack. I'm Jack. And yours?" Green eyes scrunched up in a smile and a tanned hand was held out.

"Harold, but everyone calls me Hiccup." Jack blinked as Sarah grinned at him before Blue eyes went to Hiccup. Pale skin met tanned and lips

parted in a crooked smile that was rather (not) cute on Hiccup's face.

"Now why would they say that?"

now time will start to bend and break but

_we'll have to give what we can take _

my friend cant you see

you were made for me

Jack smiled as Hiccup spoke, taking a bar stool next to him as they chatted, comfortable in each other's presence. Hiccup spoke of how he loved to draw but anything else he was pretty much useless at (aside from blacksmithing, something that was rather unusual nowadays) and Jack spoke of how he was a primary school teacher, how being with kids was his idea of a great day but he always manages to mess things up if it didn't involve fun.

you were made for me

you were made for me

oooooooooooooo

The two men smiled at each other and Hiccup bought the next round for the two.

you were made for me

made for me

made for me

Phones were ignored, worries were forgotten and they spent the night smiling and laughing, telling jokes and past adventures. Sarah finished her song and walked past the two, Jack grabbed her hand and smiled at her, handing her a drink. "Thanks." She smiled and nodded at the two, taking the drink from Jack's pale hand and walking back to her friends where they sat and laughed, telling jokes.

Jack couldn't really tell anymore.

But the noise and the lights was perfect for him as he talked with Hiccup.

"Well Hic! It seems this is the start to a beautiful friendship." Hiccup smiled at the new nickname and nodded, auburn hair bouncing slightly as green eyes sparkled in the light of the bar.

"I do believe so Snowflake."

you were made for me

* * *

><p>NAW</p>

Tell me what you think :)

As soon as i have a working version of the song up, i'll link it on here so you can hear it

get a better idea for it :)

but yeah.. i enjoyed this.

Beer courtesy of Becka and John!

and of course, the cookies courtesy of me and the boys :)

15. Greenday-21 Guns (Hacker pt2)

Greenday ¯ 21 guns

I'm intrigued as to where this is gonna go tbh.

I don't want it to run parallel with the SPY arc (which i think this makes sure it doesn't)

But as i said earlier: Train Wrecks.

Hopefully i'll have more of the Game AU up later...

not too sure :S

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Darkness. That's the first thing he remembers. It's cold and dark. But there's a light, a small one, and it chases the darkness away and he's not so scared anymore. Blue eyes struggle open in the dimly lit room, everything blurry, no matter the amount of light that is filtered into the room and Jack struggles up onto his hands and knees, his arms feeling weak as his whole body shakes. His head feels filled with wool and the gentle dripping of water onto his head is not helping matters! Looking upwards, Jack finally gets his vision to clear and he groans as he realizes he's in a tower of some sorts. The walls are slick with algae and something that Jack would rather not identify thank you very much!</p>

Hands touching the wall still, Jack looks around, Ice blue eyes searching for a way out when he spots a wooden Shepard's staff on this wooden platform that... was it moving? Jack looks down and kneels, hand still touching the wall to steady himself as he feels the wood shift and bend underneath him. Blue eyes peer through a gap in the sodden wood, only to widen when they see the murky black of water under him. Looking around once more, his eyes now adjusted to the darkness, the Agent notices a section of the platform that has broken away, the sharp edges of the wood looking unforgiving, adding to the foreboding feeling rising in Jack's chest. A loud screech of metal ricochets around the room (for that's all he could really call it other than a well) and makes the white-haired male look up. A body is shoved through the sudden light that appears and Jack shouts out as the body begins to fall, the sudden jarring of the wooden platform as the body hits the water causes him to stumble, the flash of tanned

skin and auburn hair makes his heart stop and the agent kicks his shoes off before jumping in after it.

The water, though dark, was clean (something the agent was grateful for) so Jack was able to spot the body of his friend sinking slowly toward the bottom. Eyes were shut and the other's chest was bare, the water turning murky around him as bubbles escape Hiccup's mouth. Jack manages to catch up, swimming one of his favorite hobbies as a child, and pulls the smaller man against him. Kicking upwards, Jack's pale hand manages to rest against Hiccup's pulse, or rather, the feeble attempt of a pulse. Kicking harder, the surface so close yet so far, Jack presses his lips against the other's and breathes into him, pinching Hiccup's nose so the air didn't just escape. Black dots start to dance in the Agent's vision when finally they broke the surface. Grabbing onto the wooden platform, Jack manages to maneuver himself so he won't injure hiccup while pushing him onto the platform, the wood digs painfully into his back and sides as he finds some kind of leverage with his feet (once again he was grateful, it seemed that the non-existent god he believed in was looking out for him. Maybe he'd start going to church.) and he pushes Hiccup up and onto the sodden wood. Blue eyes look around once more, the chill of the water starting to seep into the Agents skin, despite wearing more clothing than his smaller counterpart, and causing him to shiver.

As he turns back to the tanned male he freezes. The red covering Hiccup should never be there. Pulling himself up, Jack forgets that the wood is rotten and broken, a sharp pain in his right thigh a quick reminder and he glances down, noticing he's torn his pants and grazed his skin. Pale hands pull at the jacket that clung to the Agent like a second skin and the shirt was peeled off haphazardly. Seams were split and the white shirt was wrapped gingerly around the cuts that littered the green eyed male's torso. White linen grows steadily pink and Jack sits beside the Auburn haired man. Pale shaking hands touch his neck before white hair is laid against the freckled and bandaged chest. Silence rests upon the duo as the Agent holds his breath, breath leaving him suddenly and lips are pressed against the others yet again, forcing air into unwilling lungs. Cold hands press repeatedly against Hiccup's chest, a count of ten before air is pushed into the still man again. Another count of ten, then twenty before the brunette coughs, water is pushed from paling lips as Hiccup jerks, Jack rolling him gently to his side where the water flows freely and re joins the rest below. Green eyes eventually open and Jack has never been happier to see forest green in all his life. A hand runs through white hair and it stands up on end, water dripping from the tips to run down his pale and bare chest.

"Hey Hic." Jack smiles at the exhausted other who's eyes slide shut. "Whoa hey hiccup!" a small smirk appears on Hiccup's face and Jack feels tension melt away.

"Too loud." Comes the raspy reply, voice weak and shaky from either over use or inhaling too much water. Jack sits properly, his black clad legs crossed in front of him as he pulls Hiccup's head onto his lap so the Computer Whiz could rest.

"Gave me quite the scare there Hic." The white-haired male smiles, hand playing with the small plait on the side of Hiccup's head. Green eyes open again and Jack realizes just how much the cold is affecting the other. "Cold?" Hiccup nods and Jack looks around. Everything was wet. There wasn't much that wasn't sodden with water but... "Here,

wear this. It's cold now but it'll warm up, trust me." the Agent manages to get Hiccup to sit up and the sodden suit jacket is pulled around the tanned male. Jack hisses as the cold material touches his skin as he lays Hiccup against him, Arms wrapping around the shorter to conserve heat.

Minutes slip by as the two sit in silence before Hiccup groans. Jack looks down at him and places a hand against the other's forehead, only to pull it back.

"Jesus Hic, when I said warm up I didn't mean that much!" a weak chuckle comes from below and Jack looks down, worried. "Hey, you feeling alright?" Hiccup shifts, a pained gasp making its way from his mouth before he smiles, his head falls into the nape of jack's neck and the Agent can feel the heat radiating off him.

"oh you know, been better." Jack grins at this and places his cold, pale hand against Hiccup's exposed neck. The auburn haired man's eyes slide shut and gently presses against the hand, seemingly trying to absorb the chill in jack's skin. The Agent smiles and looks up as the metal screech is heard again and a rope is thrown down. Hiccup's eyes open again and look wearily at the rope, as if it were to come alive and eat them at any given moment. Jack, however, looks at the rope with interest when a head pops over the edge of the light above.

"Frost. Come here, we've found 'im!" A male voice, gruff and clear with authority echos around them and Jack smiles, gently resting Hiccup against the wall before standing.

"I wont be long Hic. I promise. As soon as I find some decent wood and another rope, we'll have you out." he smiles at the green eyed man who feels uneasy about the head above. A tinge of familiarity sparks in his mind but he cant remember much after the gas in the room. He nods though and smiles back.

"Hurry." the Agent nods and grasps the rope, muscles flexing as he climbs, using the wall as leverage and as he climbs over the top, a loud thud echos around the room and Hiccup realizes where he'd heard the voice before.

Green eyes shift upwards as he sends a prayer to the gods that Jack gets no worse than he before they roll back and Hiccup slides into a fever induced unconsciousness, alone in the dark as the metal screech fills the room and boisterous laughing is left echoing like a bad omen, the sound of dragging and footsteps confirming that Someone wasn't conscious for the journey.

16. John butler trio- Oceans (spy arc pt4)

(John butler trio - oceans)

Just so you know, this doesn't last the whole 13 minutes :')

far too long for a song really (Don't tell meatloaf)

but I think it's a nice change from the sheer modern action that happens.

Depending on how fast you read, it fits.

If your like me, by nearly 6 minutes it finishes, if you take longer, it still fits... sorta.

Have fun!

Enjoy!

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

Blue eyes opened to see white. At first a shot of panic ran through him until white hair was ruffled by a blob of red and white.

"Da, your awake." Jack groaned as he put a pale hand on his head, a migraine starting up as he struggled upright. Pain shot through his side as he winced and his hand went to his chest. Bandages were wrapped around his bare chest and the blue eyed agent looked at the Russian who stood beside the bed.

"What happened?" his voice was raspy and dry and jack shakily pulled out the catheter. A large hand rested gently on jacks shoulder and white hair ruffled slightly in the gentle breeze from the open window, the cold air soothing to Jack's burning skin.

"You passed out. Other agent got you." Norths voice made jack scowl and struggle out of the covers that were wrapped around him. Jack stood up and grabbed his white tee that was folded on the chair beside the bed.

"Where's Hic- uh.. agent Haddock?" Jack gingerly pulled the white tee over his chest and turned to look at north, white hair on end from pulling the shirt over his head. North sighed and gestured with his hand toward the door.

"He is safe. He is resting, there was large bump on head. Jack, he may have memory problems." Jack froze and blue eyes stared at the door before reaching for his brown pants.

"Well I'll just have to help him remember. There's no way he can forget me. I mean.. we practically work together anyway! Did you ever find out about how we met?" The large Russian shook his head and Jack grinned, sitting on the bed to pull his pants on.

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

_Frost covered the ground, snow mounds surrounded the frozen lake and bare feet were set apart on the cold, smooth surface. The cold bit at the bare toes yet the owner of the appendages didn't seem to be bothered. Brown eyes darted around, pale hands gripped at the staff at his side, brown hair ruffled in the unforgiving winter breeze. The circle of trees around him made the figure nervous and fear shot through him as he heard twigs snap in various places, his attacker circling him it seemed. He didn't know what he'd done to warrant being hunted but all he knew was that tonight, he wasn't going home. Tonight he wasn't going to tell his beloved pet budgie goodnight. He wasn't going to his sisters funeral tomorrow. He wasn't going to the wake and he'd never be able to tell her he was sorry. _

Brown eyes looked down and tears pricked at the edges as a shot of black was spotted beside him in the trees. Brown hair whipped across his face as a flash of blue was spotted from the other side, there was two!_

Brown eyes widened as a figure was suddenly in front of him. Brown hair short and hung loosely around his neck. Black pants clung to his legs and brown boots gripped the cold hard ice. A green blade was out in the right hand while a sleek black gun was in the left. The brown eyed boy, for that's all he really was, a boy of barely 16, whimpered and tried to take a step back and slipped, falling backward, his brown cloak flying around him as his head hit the ice. The brunette turned slightly to look at him, green eyes strangely comforting in the startling black of the sky and white of the snow. As the world began to blur to the brown eyed boy, he noticed his attacker step out of the trees. A tall girl of around 19 held a white knife in her hand, it looked more of a long tooth than a knife but the downed boy wasn't going to argue with it. The staff in his hand was suddenly in front of him, a tanned hand holding onto the G shaped head, green eyes looking into brown as a crooked smile was flashed at him before the shorter male turned back toward the woman._

"Back off Katherine. You and I both know that this isn't part of the deal." the green eyed boy said. He looked around 13, barely old enough to be in high school, never mind knowing how to shoot a gun._

"Piss off haddock. You know I cant allow witnesses." Haddock scowled and gripped his gun tighter it seemed._

"You know I cant allow this." Katherine grinned, yellow eyes glinting in the darkness, madness seemed to radiate off her.

-

"Then I'd love to see you try to stop me dragon boy." She darted forward and Haddock frowned, a scowl on his face as he blocked her slashes, his foot kicked out and she cried out, black hair coming loose of it's tight bun, the hair framing her gaunt face. "Damn. You kick like a mule. Wonder if that's from your poor mothers side. You know she kicked as I slit her throat too. She cried and begged and screamed. Lets see if you'll do the same." Haddock had frozen and dropped the gun as he was kicked in the chest by Katherine, the brown eyed boy breathing heavily as they fought, terror gripped him as he struggled over to the gun and gripped it. He pointed it shakily at his attacker and glared, trying to cover his terror. Katherine turned as Haddock hit a rock, a sickening crunch made the brunette wince before grinning at the woman's expression of surprise._

"Aw, looks like the little lamb grew a pair of balls. Tell me Jack, do you have the balls to pull the trigger?" Jack's eyes widened and Katherine laughed. "Oh yes, I know your name." a black boot took a step toward the shaking boy and jack took a step back. "I know your mother and your father. Your sister particularly well. Drowned wasn't it? Too cold for her pretty little head to cope." the smirk on Katherine's face made Jack's blood boil. "Oh the fun we had with her. What was her name? Emily? Erris?"_

"Pippa." Jack snarled out, surprised at how strong his voice was after running and being attacked. "Her name was Pippa. And you have no RIGHT to speak of her!" Jack shouted and pulled the

trigger._

Click.

He pulled again.

Click.

No nono no no!

Jack's eyes darted from the gun to the woman in front of him as he started to panic again. The snarl that was on her face made him queasy and he blinked as a familiar feeling made it's self known.

"Any last words kid?" Jack nodded, his face scrunching up as he fiddled with the gun, there was a switch, was that right? He flicked the switch as his head jerked forward as he sneezed, the bang startled him and he fell backwards as a loud crack was heard and a short scream before a splash caused Jack to look up. —

Katherine was gone.

So that was a plus.

But where—

the hole in the ice made jack blink before sniffing and sneezing again. A quiet chuckle reached his ears and Jack looked over to where Haddock was, only to find the boy sat giggling to himself.

"_You- ahahaha! That was brilliant!" Jack smiled before sneezing again, causing the other to laugh harder._

"_Uh.. thanks?" Jack said and watched as the other walked over to him and took the gun from him._

"_that is by far, the best thing I've ever seen doing this. Death by sneeze!" the boy laughed again and held out his hand to help jack up. The boys made their way from the lake and back toward town, the Shepard's crook helping jack walk. He couldn't feel his legs and his head felt light.

"_So who are you?" Jack asked, his voice sounding under water almost.

"_My name's Hiccup. Hiccup Haddock." Jack blinked, his vision blurry.
"And yours?"

" Jackson. Jackson Overland."

0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o

Jack took a sip of his water, his throat dry and cracked from telling his story. North stared at him.

"You killed her by sneezing?" Jack laughed, wincing at the pain in his ribs before nodding.

"Yup, haven't seen her since. Turns out she was with the Guardians a

long time ago but she went rouge or something. Everything's classified when it comes to her." North nodded before standing up.

"Get some sleep friend. You need it." Jack smirked and looked out the window to the winter landscape below. "And Jack?" Blue eyes looked at the Russian. "Thank you. You never share about self. This.. Tis nice no?" Jack smiled and nodded.

"Yeah. Thanks North for this." The Russian nodded and Jack looked back out the window, smiling to himself.

He was sick for weeks after meeting Hiccup. But the Auburn haired boy had helped him.

Now he was going to repay the favour.

17. The Cab - Angel with a Shotgun

**YO! **

so...

there's not really an excuse for how long this has taken.. especially since this shouldnt be the update it should be

but hey

Here's one i will probably elaborate with

Welcome back to the Crazy train guys! We're back in town!

* * *

><p>The Cab - Angel with a shotgun (version 1)

Emerald green eyes flicked from the globe to light green eyes.

"I'm sorry! I.. I didn't think-"

"You get that right! Yer didn't think. Yer never think. Yer jus a disgrace ter everyone. Yer tribe, yer friends, yer dad-" the 6 foot Pooka had been advancing slowly toward the smaller male, a glare sprayed across his face as a pale hand touched the black leather on Hiccup's shoulder.

"Don't you dare talk to Hiccup like that. One more word Aster, I swear..." Frost danced across the darkened leather armour, and barely concealed rage danced in ice blue eyes as the lagomorph redirected his gaze to the frost spirit.

"Yer only sticking up fer 'im 'cos yer know I'm ri-"

Smack

Jack's fist flew out, and connected with furred flesh, Bunny stumbling backward and ending up on the floor. Toothiana fluttered forward, her small hands over her mouth in horror.

"Jack!" A pale appendage was jabbed at the downed rabbit, and a fire danced in Jack's eyes.

"I warned you. Back the hell off fur ball or a black eye will be the least of your problems." A tanned hand grabbed at Jack's blue hoodie, before recoiling slightly, Hiccup's eyes glassy as he spoke.

"Jack stop! Just stop. I... I need to go. Don't... Don't follow me."

Hiccup turned, and all but jumped through window as Toothless transformed from the harmless black cat that had been perched on the windowsill.

"Hic!" Jack ran forward, cursing how he hadn't picked up his staff to chase the autumn spirit immediately. He flinched as a large hand came to a rest on his shoulder, gently pulling him back.

"Tis alright Jack. Let him blow steam. He'll come when he is ready." North's voice did little to soothe the seething teen as he stared after the other.

Bunny shifted on the floor, sitting up slightly and cupping a bleeding nose as he glared daggers at the frost teen.

"The hell is wrong with you frost?"

When Jack faced the Pooka, Bunny felt a jolt of fear flash through him with the look of pure and utter disgust directed at him.

"No. The fuck is wrong with you?!" Aster's eyebrow rose slightly. Well. That was new. Tooth frowned and admonished him.

"Jackson!"

Bunny, however, paid no attention to the fairy queen, feeling very much like a prey in the eyes of a predator with the way Jack was staring at him, each step calculated and every movement jolted, as if he were refraining himself from just running at him. When Jack spoke again, it started off level and cold, emotionless almost, with only anger identifiable.

"You just love to dig the knife in don't you! You just love to make people feel like shit! Well enough is enough!" Jack's hand sliced through the air as he stopped, his foot flicking his staff to his hand, before pointing it angrily at the surprised rabbit.

Blue energy crackled over it but none leapt out at him.

"You just hurt the most important person in my life and I don't care what your damn Pooka pride says! You will not speak to him like that! When I find him," Jack leaned forward, balancing on the tips of his toes to get even closer, pure fury in his eyes, though his voice had taken a frighteningly calm tone to it. "And I will, you'll fucking apologise and mean it, or else I'll skin you alive and personally hang you on the wall!"

Bunny shivered as the room temperature dropped slightly, and ice

began to form on the floor around the winter prince. North stepped forward and gently took Jack's arm, pulling him up, though the frozen glare directed at the Pooka did not waver or shift.

"Jack! Calm down."

The winter spirit nearly growled as he wrenched his arm from the older guardian, the icy glare directed at the guardian of wonder now, though not as intense. Jack knew what the main attraction for his rage was and it wasn't North.

"No! He's no better than Pitch! Hell, Pitch has said nicer things to Hiccup than him!"

North paused, choosing his next words carefully, his interest piqued by the comment.

"We understand you are angry, but threatening team mate—" North was cut off by a scoff from the youngest team mate, as his staff cut through the air, blue energy dancing over the wood, yet still not flying out at a target.

"I'm not part of this team until he apologises. It's for his good, not mine." The cold edge to Jack's voice had returned and Tooth flitted forward.

This Jack was not their Jack. There had to be a reason for this reaction. She wanted to move closer to him, but his eyes darted to her, and she nearly fell from the air. His gaze terrorised her.

It certainly made her aware winter was not all fun and games.

"Please, sweet tooth, you don't really—" Jack cut her off as he moved suddenly, turning to face her fully, his staff pointing behind him to the floor, knuckles white with the grip he had on his one possession.

"Yes Toothiana I do fucking mean that. Now if you don't mind, I have a spirit to find. Contact me when this..." Jack's hand gestured to the guardian of hope before a disgusted look covered his features and he snarled out the rest of his sentence. "This creature has decided to apologise to my boyfriend!"

The spirit of fun turned to the window as the Guardian of hope sat up properly, his hand moving from his aching face and he paled slightly, Tooth gasping, while North remained silent.

"Your b—"

Slam

The window slammed shut as the youngest guardian shot out into the icy tundra, a blizzard picking up around him, and the three guardians looked to each other before Bunny spoke up.

"Bloody hell."

Hiccup let the tears flow as soon as he was sure he was far enough from the great winter structure, his hands gripping the saddle as his

body shook, Toothless warbling in worry as he glanced back at his rider. The autumn spirit didn't reply, and just continued to let the tears fall, and the snow batter his hair. Sobs continued to tear from the boy when the black dragon swerved violently to the side, before dropping suddenly. Hiccup's head flew up, cheeks flushed, with tear stains marking his flushed skin.

"Toothless!" The spirit choked out, only just to look around and see a raging storm around them, snow battering at them from the sides, when suddenly something rammed into their side and the dragon plummeted, the tension from the fin suddenly gone causing Toothless to screech for his rider, before everything went black. A flash of green and black was spotted, before the great Night Fury passed out.

When he woke, Toothless immediately noticed he could hear someone. Which didn't make sense, since Hiccup had told everyone not to follow him (a terrible idea he had to admit), but it seemed as if someone had disobeyed. For once in his incredibly long life, Toothless was happy to spot the flash of blue and brown that made up his rider's mate. The dragon made to get up, before warbling in pain as flashes of agony shot up his side. His movement seemed to have alerted the Frost prince to his whereabouts, as the blue eyed boy was by his side almost immediately.

"Toothless! Whoa! Stay still dude you're ble-" the winter spirit stopped before blinking at something in his hands.

The Night Fury blinked, shifting to get a better look, as there was a sudden calmness around them. The snow that had been falling heavily just stopped and any resemblance of wind dissipated.

Toothless nearly roared when he saw the green fabric spattered with blood in the frost spirit's pale hands, and time suddenly seemed to speed up. The wind whipped around them in fury, and snow suddenly pelted their sides, the ice and snow helping to soothe Toothless' burning side. The Dragon watched as the winter spirit seemed to lose any and all emotion from glacier blue eyes, when he turned it to spot black sand caught on the fabric.

"Son of a bitch."

Toothless' ears shot up at the words and Jack looked at the Night Fury.

"Pitch has him. I'm sending you back to the pole and I'm getting Hic." Toothless shook his head.

"_The more who go, the better chance we have of getting him back._"

Jack blinked as the dragon's words drifted through his head, before looking at the wound on Toothless' side, then to the fabric in his hands.

"If Hiccup saw you injured he'd blame himself. Then he'd punch me for letting you come for him when you're clearly hurt. I'm always told I don't think things through, but here I am. No Toothless. You're going to the Pole, and you're going to take this with you," His hand held up the green fabric in front of the stunned dragon. "And you're going

to tell the others that they are to wait one day. After that they go to Jamie who'll know where the entrance to Pitch's lair is. Only then can they come after us. That is, if we're not back by then."

Toothless blinked before looking at the fabric in Jack's hands.

"If you or he doesn't make it back, I'll kill the other myself. He cares about you Jack."

Jack himself blinked, the Night Fury had never used his actual name before.

"Much more than he lets on. And I know you do too. Do not make me kill you because he's not coming back."

Jack smirked slightly and looked down.

"I promise Toothless. Hiccup will be coming home." A hand slipped into his blue hoodie, and Jack pulled out a snow globe, which swirled with different colours, and held a scene of the pole.

"See ya soon bud." Jack handed the fabric to Toothless, who held it gently in his paw, the dragon crooning at him before disappearing in a flash of white, and Jack was stood by himself. The calmness seeped from his face, and was replaced by complete and utter rage.

"Pitch wants a fight? He'll get one." Ice crept along jack's arms to create armour of some sorts, before he shot up into the air, faster than he'd ever flown before, and headed toward Burgess. "Either he or I won't see the end of the week."

Cerulean eyes glanced up to the moon.

"I swear it."

* * *

><p>So yeah! Not the longest... or most interesting..</p>

But! on the other hand, there should be another update for the Game AU pretty soon

(AKA when i get to 10,000 words [im at just over 8,000 now so not long!])

This one is beta'd

Thanks to **Melting Angels**

You know the drill guys, Beer and cookies for those who review
(unless your not old enough then just don't tell the barstaff :3)

18. Of Monsters and Men - Mountain Sound

This is for the lovely .3 for making my day with that lovely review!

Thanks mate :)

Anyway! The long awaited (on my behalf anyway) chapter 2. Not the 10' as I'm so close but I wanted to see what people think before I just throw it and run...

Soo yeah . . .

Head between ya knees people, this might hurt.

Song: Mountain Sound- Of Monsters and Men

0o0o0o0o0o0o0oThis is a line! Isn't it beautiful?
o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

Hiccup woke back up slowly, almost sluggishly. His hearing came back first, then feeling. Sight didn't come back as quickly, and it may have something to do with the fact the archer didn't attempt to open his eyes, but Hiccup didn't care. His whole body hurt. His arm was throbbing, his head was throbbing, and his chest felt as if there was a great pressure on it. Finally opening his eyes, Hiccup looked toward his arm to figure out why it felt tighter than normal.

He raised his hand to gingerly touch his head, feeling another bandage. Sitting up slowly, Hiccup looked around the small clearing he was lying in. To his surprise, a bunch of furs covered him, leaving him feeling pleasantly warm, yet still rather groggy. He looked to his left, sleepily taking in the gentle frost over the rocks, before he looked right. A floating boy didn't register in his head until he looked away, and then did a double take, jumping backwards away from him, and banging his already sore head on a rock. The floating boy, who had incredible bright blue eyes, laughed, and Hiccup glared.

"Why would you do that?!" Hiccup asked, hands holding his head.

The other's bare feet touched the rock beside the archer, and a cold hand touched Hiccup's head, the coldness seemingly calming his pounding headache.

"Sorry, I didn't know you'd react that way." The boy replies with a grin, causing Hiccup to roll his eyes and scowl slightly. "You're not from around here are you? You're supposed to stop before you hit the wall."

Hiccup blinked at the other before raising an eyebrow.

"I can't fly so that's a wee bit difficult." Hiccup rolled his eyes sarcastically, slightly amused.

The other's grin grows wider, white teeth seemingly sparkling at the archer, taunting him, at his own crooked teeth.

"So first off, who are you?" Hiccup frowned.

The hand disappeared from Hiccup's head, and the white haired male stood up before twirling a shepherd's staff in his hand.

"The name is Frost. Jack Frost. I'll be your tour guide and sidekick in the world known as Season's Spirits!" Hiccup blinks as Jack bows

and looks over the edge of the ledge he was on, the drop below him making him gulp when a flash of white causes him to look around. He turned back to Jack who looks at him sheepishly. "Think you're good to move, short stack?"

Hiccup scoffed at the name.

"Short stack?! I'm not that short!"

Jack smiled and stood up properly, his white tunic rustling, as brown clad legs seemed to suddenly be so much longer.

"Oh uhâ€|how tall are you?" Hiccup asked.

Jack smirked.

"5'9 you?" Jack answered, and laughed as Hiccup scowled.

"5'4. Fine, you're taller."

A grin took form on Jack's face, and a pale hand extended forward to help Hiccup up. The Archer stumbled to his feet, and Jack tapped his staff on the frost covered wall.

"Welcome to my humble abode."

Hiccup's vibrant green eyes wandered over the large cavern, as the wall seemed to disintegrate. His gaze came to a rest on a small section, that was fairly hidden from view with old rags, that had been sown together to form some kind of curtain. Hiccup looked back toward the other male who grinned, and jumped over to a pile of snow, resting on it. A patch of moonlight filtered in through a gap in the ceiling, and illuminated Jack's white hair. Hiccup gulped, as a strange feeling wormed its way into his chest, and he frowned when he heard a sizzling to his left. A small, doorway-like opening was just about visible, and Jack smiled, pushing himself up off the 'couch' to walk to Hiccup.

"Curious?"

Jack's voice caused Hiccup to jump slightly and blush. The auburn haired archer nodded, and turned away as the flash of white happened again, his head snapping back to Jack.

"What is that?"

Jack's eyes widened at the question and he rubbed the back of his head. Hiccup could see the sadness in the others eyes, and shook his head.

"Never mind, what's through here?" The archer stepped through the doorway tentatively, blinking as a wave of heat passed over him. He walked forward, hearing Jack following him, following the path of the heat. The smaller hall suddenly opened up to a room, that glowed and Hiccup looks around, a pit of what looked like lava, sat central in the room, a ring of rock like a shone almost.

Hiccup walked as close to the lava as he dared, and looked into it, eyes widening when something seemed to move in it. The sound of a groan and something hitting the floor tore his attention away, and he

turned to see Jack sprawled out, sweat pouring down his face, with his pale skin flushed an unhealthy red.

"Jack?!" Hiccup darted over, placing a hand on the white haired man's cheek, wincing at the warmth. Hiccup's tanned arms slipped under the other man's legs, and torso, picking him up with difficulty. Despite struggling, Hiccup managed, and headed back to the other room.

The cold air hit Hiccup, and soothed his rosy cheeks- he hadn't realised how warm he'd gotten. He gently laid Jack on the 'couch', before looking for a cup, or a bowl. Spotting something silver in the corner by the curtained off section, Hiccup went and picked it up, noticing a make-shift bed from a few blankets, a rock, and a bundle of clothes. Hiccup's heart clenched, and he scooped up some snow, melting it in the hallway, before moving to Jack's still form. The red of his cheeks had lessened, but he still looked uncomfortable. Hiccup gently raised the metal cup to press against pale lips, when, right before him, Jack seemed to disappear suddenly, his body became lines and Hiccup's eyes widened.

Had Jack just... Glitched?

Shaking his head, he pressed the cup to Jack's lips again once he'd stopped glitching, and the white haired male stirred, the cool water slipping down his throat, before a cough pulled him from his unconsciousness. Bleary eyes looked around, before they landed on Hiccup's worried green ones and a tired smile was given.

"Sorry abou-"

"You glitched."

Jack froze when Hiccup spoke, his expression unreadable as he sat up, and wiped his hands over his face and through his hair.

"You.." A snort from Hiccup made Jack wince. "You bzzted"

The white haired male blinked, and looked at the archer, blue eyes searching green for signs of rejection or ridicule.

"Yeah wellâ€¦ better than sounding like a kitten." Jack muttered, a small smile tugging at the edge of his mouth, and Hiccup's mouth opened.

"A ki- a kitten!" The mock anger pushed Jack over the edge, and a grin was back. "I'll have you know that I just saved your pasty ass." Jack raised an eyebrow, and his teeth latched onto his bottom lip.

"And what a fine ass you saved freckles"

The blush that appeared on Hiccup's face made Jack laugh, causing Hiccup to smile softly. Sitting beside Jack on the couch, Hiccup looked at the metal cup in his hands, his elbows on his knees, Jack mimicking the pose. Both had sobered up, Jack feeling better yet still rather tired.

"So... Why did you...y'knowâ€¦"

"Glitch?" Jack offered, and Hiccup nodded.

The white haired man sighed, and looked toward the doorway- his staff still leant against the wall where he'd placed it before following Hiccup.

"I don't know, I've always done it. The others won't talk to me, the big 4 won't help me and our 'great and merciful king' won't see me."

Hiccup watched Jack's face as he spoke, sadness coating Frost's face. Jack sighed and put his head in his hands, palms pressing into his eyes, as Hiccup put an arm around his shoulders, Hiccup's warmth giving the cold male goose bumps.

"Jack, how long have you been like this?"

Jack's pale hands slipped from his face and thumbs started picking at loose skin from calluses.

"5 years today."

Hiccup sighed- he'd been in Battle of Berk for 5 years today, the isolation seemingly similar yet so very different.

"Maybe if we go to the king's castle he'll listen."

Jack smiled and looked at Hiccup.

"You don't have to do this Hiccup. The only way to get into the castle is to gather the 4 gems. One for each season." Jack stood, and swayed for a second, before he walked over to the bed, and started searching for something. Hiccup watched, catching himself staring at Jack's 'fine ass.'

A secret he'd been hiding since the start for his preference of partner so to speak. His thoughts were so scattered he didn't realise Jack had sat beside him again, not until a cold, almost translucent crystal was placed in his hands.

"What's this?" The archer asked, and Jack smiled.

"The first piece of the puzzle." Jack answered.

Hiccup looked at Jack and smiled.

"Well! That makes it easier."

Jack smiled, and watched the other's face as he studied the crystal, his green tunic complimenting his tanned skin and emerald eyes, and Jack suddenly found himself content. For the first timeâ€¦he didn't feel so alone anymore.

0o0o0o0o0o0o0this is another line :3 0o0o0o0o0o0o0o0

So yeah! I've figured out how to update from my phone so it's gonna be more regular to do now so woo!

I've actually had this written since the first section was thrown up (around november I think) so meh. I procrastinate ok?!

Anyway! Many thanks to my beautiful brittish chick Melting Angels (who's put up with my nattering and complaining about this damn arc) who BETA'd and made this remotely interesting :)

I actually have plans written out for shiz now so I might actually know what I'm doing for once!

Woo!

Thanks to MoonVongolia too for being such an awesome Kiddo and helping my wall of a block.

Anyway!

Beer and cookies for reviewers! And a special present for those who suggest (and are successful) an Arc (that I haven't already thought of :P)

Anyways! Bedtime for me!

Neko: out x

19. Of Monsters and men -Little Talks(GameAU

More of the dreaded Game AU

(You get more of this because it's pre-written)

This is your Cap'n speaking,

The emergency exits have been welded shut so please just pray you survive.

Thank you for flying Air Neko.

* * *

><p>"Come on slow poke!" Jack's laughter echoed around the forest as Hiccup struggled to make his way through the mounds of snow around him. The archer grumbled as he lifted his leg out of the knee high snow.<p>

"Yanno, some of us can't fly Jack!" Hiccup replied, hands rubbing at his arms to try get some feeling back into them.

He liked the cold, he really did, and it didn't bother him too much.

Heat is dreadful though. He didn't pass out, but it made him dizzy and nauseous.

However, when everything around you looked cold and your boots were wet, you started thinking you're cold. This was Hiccup's predicament. Mumbling to himself about how unfair it is that some people can fly, and others can't, Hiccup didn't check the snow in front of him , before he put his weight down.

A yelp tore itself from his throat as he found himself falling through the snow, a soft yet painful landing making him wince, as he

realised he'd fallen into yet another pit. Groaning and rubbing his hand through his hair, Hiccup looked upward to see if he could climb out, but the smooth, ice covered walls and the height made him sigh and look around. White, white, frozen brown aaaand...

More white.

Mumbling once again, a scowl on his face as he started shivering, Hiccup looked upward again as he heard Jack's voice.

"Hic? Where are you?'"

Hiccup smiled before he slipped, and the scowl was back.

"I'm in Tron, where do you think I am frostbite?"

He saw Jack above the pit with a worried look on his face, before he sniggered.

"Well hello snowball, I wonder, have you seen my friend? Short, green eyes and not a snowman?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes and stands up, brushing off the snow before he shivered violently.

"Hilarious." He dead-panned, and Jack grinned, before dropping into the pit with him. The white haired male picked Hiccup up bridal style, which caused the smaller male to yelp. The winter glitch grinned again, and flew upward, and out of the pit. The green eyed male held onto the white tunic that rustled in the wind, and he couldn't help but shiver violently.

Blue eyes locked onto green, and Hiccup's heart jumped again before Jack looked up, and his eyes went wide, before he suddenly held Hiccup so they were flying backwards.

Just as they come to an abrupt stop, Jack's head snapped backwards to hit the tree with a thud, and they fell to the ground, Hiccup landing on top of the winter spirit. His cheek rested on Jack's chest for a second, before his brain caught up with him, and he realised they'd crashed.

Scrambling onto his knees, Hiccup checked Jack for serious injuries, and only found a bump on the back of his head. The archer looked up and spotted leaves in varying shades of reds and golds, and smiled. Finally! Autumn! Struggling to pick up the white haired male, Hiccup dragged the unconscious male over into the autumn season, and sighed in relief in the slightly warmer wind, and the noticeable lack of snow. The young archer looked up and realised it was getting rather dark, so he placed his companion against a tree, gently moving white hair from his face, before he set to work.

0o0o0 This is a line o0o0o Isn't it beautiful? o0o0o

Jack's eyes opened quickly, before shutting immediately and he groaned, his hand going to his head. His back hurt, his head hurt and his chest ached slightly. The winter glitch opened his eyes again, this time more slowly, before blinking at the fire in front of him. Ice blue eyes looked around and noticed a small shelter, which was made from twigs and sticks, something white having been used to bind

them together at the joints. Massive golden leaves adorned the sides and the top to shield it from the rain, and Jack smiled. It looked rather cozy.

"Oh good evening sleeping beauty. Sleep well while I've been slaving away?"

Jack's eyebrows rose as he blinked and looked toward Hiccup's voice. The archer was standing there, dirt smeared over his face, his head now free of the bandage, and a leather harness across his chest.

His precious bow was in one hand, and two rabbits hung limply from his other. Jack grimaced as he saw the dead animals, and looked away, paling slightly more, if it were possible.

"Hey, you ok?" Hiccup's voice softened as he spoke and dropped the rabbits out of sight. He knelt in front of the dazed winter spirit, and gently touched his shoulder.

"Wha? Yeah, just.. Fuzzy." Jack smiled tiredly.

Hiccup smiled and helped him up, wrapping an arm around his shoulders, and his other arm wrapped around Jack's waist. A sheen of frost adorned Jack's cheeks as he blushed. They staggered over to where a log had been placed near the fire, and Hiccup helped Jack sit down. He was far enough for the heat to not completely affect him, but close enough for the warmth to wash over him.

"How's the head?!" He heard hiccup asking, and Jack suddenly violently shivered.

Hiccup blinked as the two stared at each other, before the archer snorted and laughed, Jack joining in not too long after.

"What the heck was that?" Hiccup quirked an eyebrow.

Jack shrugged as Hiccup stood up and moved to where the rabbits were.

"No idea, I just needed to shiver apparently." A straight toothed smile was flashed as Jack's head began to clear. "What happened?"

Jack watched as Hiccup paused his movements, the winter glitch realising the other was skinning the rabbits.

"You got me out of the pit and then crashed." Hiccup laughed, a pile of fur appearing next to him.

Hiccup looked up from his task, and frowned as something moved in the woods behind the archer. Both men froze, and Jack's eyes darted around for his staff.

"Tent." Blue eyes flicked to green, and nodded. Jack started to shift toward the tent while Hiccup put down the rabbit, picking up his bow as all hell let loose.

As tanned fingers touched the wood of the bow, a black creature shot out of the woods, glowing gold eyes striking fear into the archer's heart as he notched an arrow and aimed, time slowing before he let it

fly.

The usual grey of the arrow turned a purple colour as it flew, and embedded into the black creature. The animal, for it looked like a horse, let out a piercing shriek before disintegrating, and something landed, rolling into the camp. Hiccup span, another arrow notched, and time began to slow yet again, when he noticed the blonde hair and brown skirt.

"Hiccup!"

"Astrid?" Green eyes widened as the warrior didn't notice a black creature behind her, and Hiccup let the arrow fly, the purple streak skimming the warrior female's cheek, before embedding in the horse's heart, disintegrating like the previous. "What are you doing here?"

Jack emerged from the tent with his staff and looked at the female, instantly disliking the look on her face toward Hiccup.

"I came to get your sorry ass! What the hell are you thinking?! The arcade will open soon and if your not back then we'll be put out of order!" Her grey eyes bore into Hiccup's whose eyebrows were furrowed.

"Astrid I have something to do here. As soon as I'm done I'll be ba-"

"No, you don't get it do you? You're coming back now. There is no retry screen in another game idiot! You die here your dead for good!"

Hiccup scowled at her.

"I know that Ast-"

The female cut him off again and Hiccup's eyes suddenly widened before he grabbed the girl and pulled her to the side, as a black horse's hooves kicked out, and connected with Hiccup's chest. The Archer was knocked a few feet backwards, and Jack's heart nearly stopped. Time slowed for him as his staff pulsed in his hand. White winter magic shot forward, and collided with the horse, the frost magic exploding on contact, and the fire flickered, nearly going out if it weren't for Astrid stood in front of it. The girl turned to the heaving figure, chest rising and falling rapidly from the sheer amount of power he had thrown forth. The warrior had a layer of frost over her, her eyelashes sparkled slightly, and her hair was suddenly grey.

"Get. Out."

The blonde's grey eyes widened before she took a step toward the winter spirit.

"What did you say to me?"

Jack let a sound, close to a growl rip from his throat as he glitched out and he was suddenly in front of her.

"I said. Get. Out."

Fear danced in Astrid's eyes and she turned to pick up Hiccup.

"No. He stays with me. When he wakes he'll decide. Now. Get. Out." Jack's voice was low and menacing as the blonde backed away and turned to leave.

Once he'd lost sight of her, Jack glitched again, re-appearing beside Hiccup. Pale shaking hands turned him over, and gently lifted the green tunic, thin fingers gently undoing the harness. Jack winced when he saw the purple bruising on the shorter guy's chest, and gently placed a cold hand on the well toned and tanned skin. A frosted blush crept over Jack's cheeks as his eyes wandered to a 6 pack and a v line, the glitch sorely tempted to see just how well sculptured the archer really was, when a low groan captured his attention. There were voices near by as green eyes fluttered open and landed on Jack's blue ones.

"Ow.. Well... Shit." Hiccup cursed, wheezing slightly and Jack smirked. "Where's Astrid?" The smirk slipped at the blonde's name and Hiccup struggled up. "Jack?"

"She-" he was cut off as a boomerang cut between the two, Jack falling backwards in shock and terror as he glitched out, and ended up next to his staff again. From the tree line, a large grey rabbit stepped out, blue tribal markings standing out against the fur.

"Back off Frostbite. You know you're not supposed to be interacting with anyone." Jack's eyes flickered to the floor, and he watched the rabbit through his eyelashes as he walked over to Hiccup and offered a hand. "G'day mate, sorry about the Glitch."

* * *

><p>Once again, had this for ages (and i had to cut it down slightly to fit with the song flow)</p>

I hereby dedicate this chapter to **Melting Angels**, my beautiful BETA, **Moon Vongolia**, my lovely Kiddo, And **nina . dotran.3** , For officially making me do arcs :')

Let me know people!

There should be some more _Spy arc_ soon, maybe the _CSI AU_ one, Definately more of this and i should really start more of the _Hacker AU_.

Oh and i'll be introducing a new Arc too soon

drum roll

The _Racer AU_

of which i actually have the story (and songs) planned out!

how cool's that?!

oh, more beer and cookies for reviewers :)

Or Coke for you Nina

(im gonna call you nina since Fanfiction hates your name apparently)

(it thinks your a website url lol)

Anyway! na night mon Ami!

20. Alexandre Desplat - Alone in the world

Here's another for you people! Nina, you'll have to message me what you mean as I'm afraid I don't quite understand... Most of these started off as one shots, now they're Arcs (the multi chapter fics)

But nevertheless, here's a cupcake. Cookies are boring now (don't tell north) so we'll have cupcakes, a different colour each day :D you can choose of course :)

This is unbetad as I wasn't going to upload it but I got bored so I did.

0o0o0 this is a line! Isn't it amazing? o0o0o0

Alone in the world (alexandre desplat)

White snow flakes fluttered gently past a darkened window, the sky outside dark in the small village of berk. The wooden walls were plastered with drawings and schematics for various projects, a candle nearly fully melted rested on a small wooden table, a charcoal pencil lay resting next to a tanned hand, auburn hair messily sprawled over the wooden desk. A few papers fluttered as a boy of around 15 sat asleep at his desk. Green tunic rustled as he shifted in his sleep, body slowly slipping sideways out the chair. A black dragon lay asleep on a flat rock to the side. The boy slipped further and fell from his chair, landing with a thump and startling awake. Green eyes looked around bleerily before spotting the gentle white outside his window and he grinned, excitement quickly filling his features. He jumped up and looked around briefly before grabbing a long brown fur cloak, a hood attached just above a small dragon clasp. The boy turned and quietly navigated the stairs, his silver prosthetic squeaking slightly with each step and he burst outside into the snow. Green eyes looked around eagerly before resting on his roof. There sat a boy of around 17, cerulean eyes watching with a gentle smile on his face. White hair swaying gently in the breeze. The younger boy grinned and turned away, forming a snowball in his hand and turned quickly, throwing it and hitting the white haired boy in the face, startling him and causing him to fall from the roof into a small snow drift where he jumped out with a laugh.

Neither boy said a word in their impromptu snowball fight, making their way from the village through the woods where a cove was situated. The two laughed and played before the smaller of the two slipped backward, the white haired boy darting forward to catch him where they both landed in a snowdrift. Green eyes met blue and both boys grinned, flushed cheeks covered freckles as the tanned boy placed a cold wet hand on the other's cheek, the snow still falling gently around them. Blue eyes widened before he leant forward and

kissed the smaller boy, both smiling in the kiss.

"Hi jack."

"Hey yourself Hic. Merry christmas."

"Happy snoggletog."

21. 30 seconds to mars -Vox populi(Game pt4)

Heyoo! So what happened to me is this:

I got a following :3

So here and behold, The 4th chapter of the Game Arc :)

* * *

><p>Jack watched as Hiccup glared at the 6 foot rabbit, and batted the hand away.</p>

"I can get up myself thank you and that 'Glitch' just saved my life so I think you better apologize." Jack's head snapped up at Hiccup's words and his eyes widened at the stance the archer had with the giant of a Rabbit.

"Ay mate, you better watch your tongue. Wouldn't want anything to happen to it now would we."

Hiccup scowled and walked past the Australian to where Jack was stood. A small pained smile was flashed to the winter male, and Jack stared as the archer stood beside him.

"Well we're perfectly fine thanks so you can leave now." Hiccup smiled and Jack looked from the brunette to the logomorph and back.

"Bunny! Vere are you?" A booming russian voice cut through the warm glow of the clearing and the rabbit, Bunny it seemed, scowled.

"Over 'ere North. Never guess who I've found."

A large man burst into the clearing, a red jacket and a black hat fit snugly onto him. White hair flowed from under the hat, and a matching beard spilled out onto the red coat. Hiccup frowned, eyes squinting at the man.

"You were the one who bumped into me in Game Central!" Hiccup declared to the man whose piercing blue eyes latched onto him.

"Vhat? Ah, sorry bout that." The man called North said, glancing from the brunette to the White-haired male next to him. "Vhat are you doing here Vreditel."

Hiccup stiffened and glared at the bulky man as a woman flew into the clearing, green feathers covering her, and a small golden man followed.

"Dah! Tooth! Sandy, ve have found vhat King black wants."

Hiccup's hands clenched and he feels Jack shift beside him.

"I'm sorry, I'm lost, care explaining what it is you're doing here and why two of you have insulted my friend?" The woman, Tooth, looks between the two and her purple eyes go wide as she hovers.

"You're friends with the glitch?"

Hiccup tensed, and Jack placed a hand on his arm, the cold seeping through his tunic, and the archer's jaw tensed.

"Jack. I am friends with Jack." The brunette said, his voice dangerously calm, and Jack felt a wave of sudden gratitude to the outsider. The small golden man floated toward them, eyes locked onto Hiccup's and his eye brows were furrowed, as if he was thinking. Symbols darted above his head, and Jack cleared his throat.

"He's uh, he's asking if you've been here before."

Hiccup looked at his companion, the winter male's voice small and timid. The archer looked toward the little golden man and shook his head.

"Not to my knowledge."

North scoffed.

"Then vhy are you here? Come, we take you home da?" The bulky man moved toward the duo, when suddenly a glowing purple arrow was pointed at him. Green eyes glinted in the dying light of the fire, and Jack's scared blue ones darted from the back of Hiccup's head to North's shocked expression.

"You stay the hell away from us. I've heard plenty of how you treat people. I've seen how you treat Jack and I will not let you near him!"

Jack's Blue eyes locked onto Bunny's jade green, and Hiccup's locked onto North's as both sides seemed to size the other up, when Jack glitched out, ending between the two men.

"Enough. Just... Enough." Jack pushed the two back without touching North, his hand gently resting on Hiccup's chest, the notched arrow still trained on North's heart. Jack turned to the pissed off archer and made Hiccup look at him. "Hic, calm down. Please, we'll never get anywhere if you don't put the bow down." The brunette's eyes searched Jack's before sighing, a wince that did not go unnoticed by Jack escaped, and Hiccup lowered his weapon.

"One step I don't like and I won't give you the option next time." He growled at North, before looking at Jack's astounded face and smiling. "What? I did as you asked oh great leader. Now what snowflake." Jack blinked at the new nickname and turned to the other 4.

"Please, just... Leave us alone. We've done nothing to you guys." Blue eyes flicked downwards before looking back up with determination.

"Niet, King Black vishes to speak with..." He trailed off and gestured to the archer to which Jack scowled.

"His name is Hiccup, North. And it is up to him." Jack looked back at Hiccup's glaring face, and raised an eyebrow as green eyes snapped to him and the shorter of the two grinned sheepishly.

"Hehâ€|sorry." Jack grinned and shook his head, before repeating the question.

"Yeah that's not happening. We're heading that way anyway so why not just wait?" Jack flinched as he mentioned their destination and sounds of protest are made from North and Bunny, Tooth and Sandy staying silent.

"Niet! The Vreditel can not go to castle-

"Are you crazy kid? He can't go there-

"Glitches are not allowed, he vill destroy us-

"The dingo causes trouble wherever he goes-

As North and Bunny were protesting, Hiccup's face turned to a scowl that deepened with every word they spoke. He glanced to Jack who had tears in his eyes, and the archer snapped.

"Shut it!"

The two fell silent and Jack watched in surprise as Hiccup stepped forward so Jack was behind him.

"Now you can bitch about me. You can complain all day long for all I care but you! Do! Not! Say! Anything! About Jack Frost! Do you hear?" The authority in Hiccup's voice made Jack smile, the smaller of the two had mentioned how he was a loner in BoB and bullied, a far cry from this man in front of him.

"Now just wait a mi-"

"No you listen here kangaroo! Jack Frost has done nothing to you! And yet you treat him like crap. Enough is enough. If I hear anyone saying cruel things about Jack, I will not hesitate to use you as target practice!" The brunette's chest heaved as he paused before looking to the small golden man. "Tell your king that if he wishes to speak, he'll grant us council at the castle where we both are going. Now, do not. Bother us. Again."

Hiccup's body was clenched and Jack watched in amazement as one by one, the guardians left the clearing, Sandy and Tooth flying off while Bunny dropped into a hole, and North left through the trees, a sleigh passing over them as he left.

A few seconds passed and neither Hiccup nor Jack moved, the archer's chest still heaving when suddenly his legs gave out and Jack darted forward, arms wrapping under the other's arms.

"Hic!" Jack could hear the laboured breathing of the smaller male, and sat him down where he himself had been placed earlier. Hiccup's

tanned skin was pale, and green eyes were dull as he winced with every breath. Jack placed his hands on the archer's cheeks, and they locked eyes, Jack's welling up slightly.

"Hey... Y'ok snowflake?" Hiccup managed, and Jack laughed, tears spilling over his cheeks.

"You... You stood up for me." Jack said shakily, Hiccup's eyebrows furrowed, and a tanned hand touched jack's neck.

"Why wouldn't I?" He whispered, his chest aching as Jack smiled before gently pulling up Hiccup's shirt and grimacing at the marks. Jack gently placed his hands on the bruises, and Hiccup hisses at the contact, his hand gripping the fabric of Jack's shirt.

"How's that?" Jack asked, and Hiccup groaned, his head slowly falling forward until Jack smirked and straddled Hiccup's legs, letting the shorter male's head rest on his chest as his hands cooled the bruised flesh. Unfortunately for Jack, Hiccup wasn't fully asleep, but only half asleep, proven when Hiccup's hands slid up Jack's thighs to rest on thin hips.

The winter spirit glitched out, and winced when Hiccup fell forward, a pained gasp escaping the brunette. Jack instantly felt bad, picking up the archer bridal style and gently laying him in the tent, before slipping off his shirt and crawling in, Hiccup lying against Jack's chest so he could cool his skin, and the emotionally drained glitch finally fell asleep listening to Hiccup's even breaths.

* * *

><p>Thanks to Dontletmadnesswin321 for following this train wreck :)

Beer and cookies!

no.. wait...

Cupcakes..

:)

22. Guns 'n' Roses -Sweet child of Mine

So here's the start of the next AU: Racers!

As i said last time, this is planned out, plot line AND songs so this should go smoothly!

I just jinxed it didnt i...

Anyway! a big thanks to Pawii-chan for favouriting and following this :)

it made my day to see someone likes this to favourite :D

so here's a coupon for a free beer and a cupcake :3

**Onwards with this tra- no wait... Car wreck (since it's a racer

AU) **

* * *

><p>"Hello and welcome to the 21st national races! Here today with me is our sports correspondent Jeffrey Adams! Tell me Jeffrey, what are your expectations for today's Quarter finals races?"</p>

"Well Tom I'm quite excited about the line-up we have and the conspiracy behind it. Our rising hometown star has some quite worrisome rumours backing him don't you think?"

"Indeed he does Jeff! Let's take a look at the line up shall we? Well as usual we have the reigning Champs, Team Monster, Driven by the talented Pitch Black, The rising stars from this very town of Burgess; Team NSPA, driven by the one and only Jack Frost! Tell me Jeff, what do you think of the positioning after the stunt Pitch pulled on the track in the qualifier?"

"Well Tom -"

"Hey Hic!" Green eyes were torn from the screen and chapped lips parted into a crooked smile as the Blonde haired woman walked up to him, White uniform on and helmet in her arm.

"Astrid! Hey! I was wondering where you were." Astrid smiled and they turned toward a set of glass doors leading to the racing pits and the track.

"Well you know me, just threatening the competition!" the Auburn haired male laughed and Astrid's grey eyes softened at the sight.

"You know that doesn't actually surprise me." Hiccup yelped as she punched his arm and he grinned at her. "So as long as I don't have to actually get into one of those things I'm alright to help out." He deadpanned as he came across the Blue and yellow car with stickers and slogans splashed across it, the words 'Stormfly' painted on the Driver's side rear wheel arch.

"Yeah pretty much. The boss has said that if you do a good job today he'll hire you! Then you can leave that crummy job of yours." Hiccup glared at her, amused.

"Hey flying a helicopter for idiots who hurt themselves is something rather enjoyable. That is until you hit turbulence. Or a Mountain. Or a building." Astrid laughed and held up her hands.

"Ok ok you win wise guy!"

"Oh thank you!" A new voice cut through their conversation and Hiccup turned to see white hair and Blue eyes behind him. Pale lips were pulled back into a smirk, revealing sparkling straight white teeth. Hiccup groaned as he recognised who it was.

"Sod off Frost." Astrid muttered and her hands clenched into fists beside her. Jack pouted as he watched Astrid's reaction, careful avoiding Hiccup's gaze.

"Aw I would do but you'd miss me far too much. Tell me, how does my

rear end look when we're driving?" Astrid's jaw clenched and Hiccup scowled.

"You tell us Frost. After all, all you'll be seeing is Stormfly's tail pipe in this race." He glared at the white haired racer who'd finally taken notice of the impromptu mechanic. Blue eyes bore into green and a smirk was suddenly on Jack's face.

"That a bet short-stack?" Hiccup blinked before glancing to Astrid's wide eyes, her gaze pleading for him not to do something stupid.

"You know what? Yes. Yes it is Frost bite. If you don't see Stormfly's tail pipe in this race, then I'll actually root for you for the rest of the season and I'll fix up that P.O.S you call a car in the pits."

"And if I do see it, I'll get your girlfriend here into the big leagues. Deal?" Hiccup blinked.

"My gi- oh no she's not my girlfriend... we're just f-"

"Deal damn it." Astrid cut him off and shook Jack's hand, the white haired man smirking as she did so.

"Hope you're ready to lose your mechanic sweet cheeks." Hiccup watched as Jack walked off and Astrid rounded on him.

"Urgh I hate that man!" she blurted and Hiccup nodded, humming in agreement.

"I know what you mean. He's so full of himself. Which brings me to this current predicament?" He looked at Astrid properly, eyes pleading. "Please don't make me work for him." Astrid blinked and laughed. Her un-gloved hand patted Hiccup's shoulder and she grinned at him.

"Then get your skinny but out there and sort my car out!" She exclaimed and the Mechanic grinned.

"Aye aye ma'am" They made their way to the car surrounded by a buff black haired male who glared at Hiccup as he passed, A blonde male who currently had his face in the engine compartment, A stocky blonde man who towered over the others, his eyes darting over words scrolling on the small screen of information the car was sending out. In the tent was a Blonde haired woman, her long hair tied in plaits and a Bluetooth lodged in her ear. Astrid pulled Hiccup to a red toolbox and grinned at him.

"Right there is about 10 minutes before the race; you have 8 minutes before I have to go to the start line so get cracking Hic!" The green eyed man nodded and rolled up his green sleeves, grabbing a few spanners and a can of oil, a white rag being stuffed into the back pocket of his jeans. He walked over to where the shorter blonde had his head over the engine and raised an eyebrow before clearing his throat. The male jumped and span to face him.

"Whoa dude! Don't do that!" The blonde gave him a once over before his expression brightened. "So are you the new mechanic? I'm Tuffnut, or rather Tom but everyone calls me Tuffnut." Hiccup nodded and

pointed an 8 mm spanner at the engine.

"So what's wrong? Most people don't lean over an engine with their hair over potentially moving parts without knowing it's not working." Tuffnut grinned as he spoke.

"To the point. Nice. Well you're right. With the sounds she's making we'll wake the dead." Hiccup frowned and gestured for Tuffnut to get in.

"Turn it on for me." Tuffnut turned the key but the engine sounded awful, like a bus! Green eyes searching for what was wrong before spotting it. "Ok stop. Turn it off." Once he was sure the blonde wasn't going to turn it back on again, calloused hands worked at wires and bolts before he held a dirty and corroded spark plug in his hand. He jogged inside and brought out another before attaching it and replacing everything where it was supposed to be.

"Shall I try it again?" He heard Tuffnut ask and the mechanic nodded. The engine ticked twice before roaring to life, the sound a lot less deafening and much smoother. Hiccup smiled, pulling out the dipstick to check the oil level while Tuffnut climbed out. By the time the blonde was beside Hiccup, the rag was oily along with the brunette's hands. "Hey nice one! I didn't catch your name."

"Henrick, but my friends call me Hiccup." Tuffnut nodded and grinned.

"Nice to meet you Hiccup!" Hiccup smiled as Tuffnut walked off, muttering something about checking his sister and shook his head. His mind went into a blissful calm as he worked and soon he felt Astrid's fist connect with his arm, making him jump and drop the wrench he had hold of.

"Ow what the- Astrid! Why would you do that?!" Astrid smirked and she gestured to the clock above the doorway.

"It's starting time." She said and Hiccup blinked before grinning. "Is she gonna Purr Hic?" The grey eyed woman asked and the brunette nodded, grin widening.

"She should do, she's in perfect condition for the time I had to check her over but it should be good to go." Astrid pulled her gloves on and her helmet before grabbing the roll cage inside the car. "I'll be on the car's CPU running diagnostics as you're driving anyway so if I spot anything, make sure you come in when I say for you to ok?" Hiccup had made his way over to the driver's side door as he spoke, leaning in as the woman strapped herself in. His eyes caught hers.

"Hiccup don't worry. I've done this before remember." Hiccup smiled and tilted his head.

"Yes but I'm allowed to worry. I'd get killed by your mum if I didn't. Besides, with what happened to Frost in the qualifier do you blame me?" Grey eyes scanned green as she remembered the white car spinning across the track, narrowly missing her and three other drivers.

"Henrick! I'll be fine! Trust me." He watched as she clicked the

belts together and the car started first time. He stood back and tapped the roof.

"Go get 'em Viking!" Astrid laughed as she pulled off and Hiccup pulled the headset on, his right hand pulling black rimmed glasses onto his face as he studied the screen in front of him.

"Ok guys! This is just as important as the last race! Let's hope I don't end up like frost did with vertigo!" Astrid's voice came over the headset and Hiccup grinned.

"Yeah, I may be a medic but I am not cleaning that mess up." He heard Astrid laugh on the other end and Hiccup knew she was nervous. "Don't worry Astrid, You'll make it. We're all rooting for ya!" He could almost see the smile on her face as green eyes darted over the first details from the car's CPU.

"So here we are! At the starting line we have: Black, Frost, Hofferson, VonSchweets, Bennet, Lawhead, Barrow, Corona, DunBroch, Llewellyn, Frell, Arendelle, E. Arendelle, Anderson and Mackie! 15 racers, 6 teams! I've noticed how the Arendelle sisters have both made it into the quarter finals Jeff, that can't be good for their relationship."

"I agree Tom. A lot of people have said that the older sister, Elsa is rather cold toward her sister lately. That surely can't help for Anna's morality! Especially since their running in different teams."

"Well let's see how they fair in the quarter finals! This race will whittle down the racers to 10 in this round, and then it's down to the final 7, after that is sudden death where we finally get to choose our champion! Will it be Team Monster with the reigning Champion Pitch Black? Or will a new champion rise from the ashes? Who can tell Jeff, Who can tell!"

Hiccup's eyes rolled at the dramatic wording of the commentators and sighed, his cheeks puffing out as the rest of the team threw words of encouragement at the female racer. Hiccup grinned.

"Now remember, make sure Frost sees the pretty new paint job on the back." He heard Astrid laughing over the mic and the grin was back on his face. Green eyes flicked to the television screen as the cars did a slow lap around the oval shaped track before they took off on their first lap.

The race started off rather predictably, Pitch was in the lead, followed by Jack then Astrid and the strange little German woman who always had a lollipop in her mouth. What Hiccup was more interested in, was the red car hovering in the middle. A quick check on the rostra told him that it was Jamie Bennett's car, Team NSPA. Hiccup handed the small screen to the tall blonde who had introduced himself as Frank (but everyone called him Fishlegs, why he didn't know but it stuck.) and quickly jogged over to the NSPA pit. He knocked on the metal frame and a man with green eyes appeared seemingly out of no-where. He had dark hair with pale blue streaks in it.

"G'day mate, how can ah help yeh?" the Australian accent caught Hiccup unawares and he gaped for a second, his mind blank. He knew one day it would happen yet he still had a weakness for it. "Uhâ€|

you in there?" Hiccup blinked and cleared his throat.

"Uh yeah, sorry. I was just wondering if you guys had been keeping an eye on Jamie's car. It doesn't look right." The Australian man's eyes widened and he darted into the room.

"Bloody hell Anna, why'd ya have'ta be ill now?" Hiccup's eyes widened.

"You mean you have no mechanic?" the man nodded and Hiccup groaned, holding his hand out for the screen. "Ok... who checked the cars before they went out?" Hiccup asked and the man looked around.

"Ah that'd be north." Hiccup raised an eyebrow.

"Well there's a problem with a piston, it's not firing on all 8. It's firing on 7. It'll run but he'll need a lot of luck if he wants to qualify." The Australian nodded and took the screen back from the younger male.

"Thanks mate, we can get that looked at after the race. Unfortunately Frost is our player card at the moment but the bloody show pony is getting careless." Hiccup nodded as the Australian spoke.

"Yeah I've noticed. I'm Hiccup." He held his hand out and the man took it.

"Edward Bunnymund, Most people call me Bunny or Aster." Hiccup raised an eyebrow. "My middle name." Hiccup smiled and glanced toward the screen and his expression lifted.

"Oh. My. Gods." He laughed and threw his hands in the air in triumph. The screen clearly showed that Astrid's car was second. In front of Jack. "Yes! She did it!" Bunny looked at the screen and back to the cheering man.

"Something I should know?" Hiccup grinned at the Australian.

"Just a bet we made with Frosty. One we have just won." He grinned and Aster shrugged, waving as Hiccup bid farewell as he walked back to his own pit.

The next four laps were uneventful, aside from how Astrid lost position to Jack again, causing the female driver to start cussing over the mic, sending some of the men into peals of laughter and Hiccup fought to calm her down.

"I swear I'm gonna kill him!"

"Astrid calm down there's still enough time."

"I'm gonna shove his stupid head into Stormfly's engine and make sure I rev enough to burn his stupid smirk off his stupid face!" Hiccup rolled his eyes at that one.

"Good luck with that. Astrid come in for a tyre change."

"Gods damn it!" The blue and yellow car drifted in and Jamie's red one drifted in just behind her to his own pits. Four men darted out, new tyres being thrown on and Hiccup stood with the stop sign, making

sure everyone was out the way before moving out. He watched Astrid before realising that Jamie's car had just sputtered into the pits before darting over, wincing at the smoke coming from the engine. Aster looked up and grinned at the sight of him.

"Any chance for a bitta help?" Hiccup wanted to say no. He really did. But the hopeful look on the male's face was too hard to ignore. A quick glance at the screen told him he had less than 2 minutes to see if he could fix it. Gesturing for Jamie to cut the engine off, he jogged forward and looked to Bunny.

"Just this once." He grinned and popped the bonnet. Tanned hands touched a wire before pulling back with a hiss. Another burn for the collection. He caught the fire proof gloves the Australian had thrown to him and quickly pulled one on before unscrewing the sparkplug from the frozen piston. Looking around wildly he spotted a small can of petrol. Grabbing the can, Hiccup poured a few drops into the engine block. Quickly screwing the sparkplug back in, He called for Jamie to start the car again and a loud bang gave way to a cloud of black smoke out the back. The sound of the engine became smooth and Hiccup knocked the bonnet shut and jumped to the side, signalling for him to go. As Jamie pulled off and sped down the pits the auburn haired male smiled at the grey haired man who was now covered in black soot, an un-amused look on his face.

"It'll do for now. That could have went badly." The Australian smiled, the grumpy look fading as he grabbed a cloth and cleaned his face off as best he could.

"Thanks mate, Dunno how ah can make it up to yeh but I'll try." Hiccup smiled.

"Well keeping Jack Frost away from my driver would be a good idea. She was threatening to shove his head under the bonnet and, I quote, 'Make sure I rev enough to burn his stupid smirk of his stupid face' so I think it's more for his sake he stays away." The Australian blinked and grinned.

"Ah can try. No promises though." Hiccup glanced at the screen behind the Australian in time to see the final lap.

"Whoa gods! See ya later Aster!" he shouted as he sprinted back to his own bay and slid his headset on.

"Urgh I swear I won't let him survive if he's bailed on me!" Hiccup blinked.

"I really hope you don't mean me Astrid."

"Yes I mean you! I can't get past this Joker!" Hiccup sighed and watched the screen.

"Astrid I'm a pilot, not a racer. I can't help you. Just make sure you get through and we'll deal with beating frost another time." He watched as Pitch's black and green car passed the finish line, Jack's pale blue car following soon after. Stormfly crossed in third with Jamie soon after.

"So there we have it! The qualifying racers are: Black, Frost, Hofferson, Bennett, Corona, DunBroch, Lawhead, Frell, A. Arendelle

and Barrow! Wow what an exciting race!" Hiccup pulled the headset off and jumped to the entrance as Astrid pulled in, her face stony.

"At least you qualified Astrid." The Grey eyed woman didn't reply and Hiccup gulped.

"I need to go clear my head. I'll see you all in the qualifying party later." She said and the crew nodded before she turned and left, Hiccup watching her before groaning and falling back into a chair.

"Da da da, I'm dead."

She didn't know what had possessed her to walk down toward this particular room but here she was. The door in front of her was plain, so much so it could almost be mistaken for a broom closet door. But, as Astrid raised her hand and knocked three times, this room was nothing of the sort. The door cracked open and a man with black hair and almost grey skin peered through the gap. Astrid's grey eyes fixated on the other's seemingly gold eyes and she opened her mouth when he cut her off.

"I'm not giving out comments, nor will I sign anything. Go away." Astrid glared at him and she jammed her foot in the door as he went to close it.

"While I appreciate the gesture and understand the need for quiet, I need to speak to you." The man seemed uninterested and examined his nails as Astrid glared daggers at him. "I am lead to believe you and I have a mutual enemy." That caught the other's interest and the door was opened for the blonde racer to enter.

"How may I help you my dear?" the black haired man asked and Astrid scowled.

"Cut the crap Pitch, I'm not here for pleasantries. I need your professional opinion." Pitch's brow raised and he sat down, right leg crossed over the other and he picked up a teacup, taking a sip of it before sniffing slightly.

"Then what do you need to know?" Astrid took a deep breath before staring Pitch in the eye.

"What can you do to get rid of Jack Frost? For good."

* * *

><p>So there we go! I don't know whether to continue with the CSI one as no-one seems to like it as much as i do...<p>

but the 5th installment of the spy arc is being written up so that
should be up soon :)

Let me know peepz!

This is un-beta'd as my Brit-chick (**Melting Angels**) hasn't get back to me yet with the beta'd version but as soon as she does it

will be up :)

Peace guys!

Oh beer and cupcakes for reviewers :3

23. of monsters and men - lakehouse (gamept5

Ok so! Yet another part of the dreaded hijack flight, the game AU. Here's part... Like what? 5? Something like that :')

Many special thanks to **Scarlett tiger **for favouriting and following this :)

Here's a cupcake coupon :3

Beer is over there (there are soft drinks if they ask)

Just letting you know this flight may experience some turbulence and if you feel the plane start to plummet, odds are so is the arc.

0o0o0o0o0o0this is a beautiful lineo0o0o0o0o0

Hiccup was comfortable. The kind where you don't want to move because you know you'll never be able to be as comfy again. His head was propped up on something soft and his body was draped across something that moved ever so slightly, a comfortable chill from under him and he sighed, a tickle in his throat causing him the jerk to avoid coughing. His pillow and bed shifted slightly, causing the tickle to persist until he coughed and winced at the pain that shot through him, the coughs coming persistantly and stealing his breath. He was suddenly gently lifted and leant forward, a cool hand gently rubbing his back and the coughing fit subsided.

"Hic, you ok?" Hiccup opened his eyes and saw Jack infront of him and the archer smiled.

"Yeah just... Give me a second." Hiccup gasped and Jack smiled gently.

"Alright but don't try to kill yourself again yeah?" Hiccup smiled and managed to slow his breathing, his chest feeling sore before he realised exactly what was infront of him.

Jack Frost. Shirtless.

Oh wow.

Hiccup's cheeks heated up in record time and he tried to tear his gaze away from the pale chest but he just couldn't help it. Jack, thankfully, wasn't paying attention, looking out the tent for something before he glanced at Hiccup and raised an eyebrow.

"See something ya like freckles?" Hiccup gaped at him and blinked before clearing his throat.

"Yeah, the exit actually so shift it snowball." Jack laughed and shuffled backwards, allowing the archer room to get out when his

white shirt was thrown in his face. "And put your shirt on before we get mobbed!" Jack couldn't help but laugh and slipped his shirt on, noticing Hiccup only left when the glitch's shirt was safely back on him.

"So we need to find the autumn crystal today." Jack sniffed and Hiccup looked around the camp, frowning slightly. "What's up?"

"Where's my bow?" Jack blinked as he looked to where Hiccup had landed last night and spotted it.

"Here it is, oh." He trailed off when he noticed there were no arrows. Hiccup stood up and took his bow from the winter spirit and checked it over.

"Huh." Jack raised an eyebrow.

"What?" Hiccup's green eyes flicked to him before going back to his bow.

"There's a symbol here that wasn't here last time." Jack looked over Hiccup's shoulder and saw a mark, it seemed to be circular almost with wings coming off the snake like body. "It looks like a dragon."

Jack looked at Hiccup and noticed something on his neck, partially covered by his tunic. Nimble fingers pulled the shirt to the side and Jack blinked.

"You didn't tell me you had a tattoo freckles." Hiccup shook slightly before looking at Jack in confusion.

"That's because I don't?" Jack's eyebrows raised.

"Well you do now it seems. It's the same symbol on your bow." Hiccup frowned and looked away before twirling the bow in his hand.

"Let's try something shall we?" Jack took a step back as Hiccup raised his bow and drew it. There in the bow, appeared a white light and as Hiccup let go, it flew forward and turned purple before exploding in a vortex of purple and white. Jack and Hiccup looked at each other before back at where the arrow had exploded and grinned.

"Well. That's hot." Hiccup groaned and grinned at Jack's awful pun before grabbing the rabbit furs and he sat down, bow next to him.

"What're you doing?" Jack asked, hands holding his staff behind him as Hiccup looked up, needle in one hand.

"I'm gonna make a bag, so we can keep things we find in it." Jack nodded and looked toward the rising sun.

"I'm gonna scout out the village we need." Hiccup nodded and wished him luck before he jumped into the air and flew off. The trees were beautiful and Jack smiled in appreciation for the autumn season. He liked winter but it was blank, all white but autumn had such amazing colours of reds and golds and browns.

Blue eyes quickly spotted the village and Jack smirked before a

screech filled his ears and he glitched in shock, a black blur shot through him as he glitched before it turned and flew back at him with startling speed. The winter glitch turned and flew back toward the camp, egging the winds to go faster when his staff was knocked from his hand and he fell, a cry of panic escaped him as the tree's got closer. He faintly heard Hiccup before he glitched and landed painfully on the floor, his breath knocked from him. He'd landed in a cove near their camp and he heard Hiccup calling his name as the black creature landed opposit him, blue eyes widening as he realised he was defenseless and breathless. As the black creature lunged forward, a bolt of white hit the floor at it's feet, exploding into purple.

"Back off!" Jack looked up and saw Hiccup on his knees with his bow drawn, his left knee was on the edge of the drop and Jack worked to get air into his lungs. The creature growled and Jack scrambled back as his lungs finally started to co-operate. Hiccup swung his legs over the side and slid down the wall, kicking up dust and rocks while his bow never left it's target.

"H-Hiccup!" Jack stammered as the archer took position in front of him.

"I got it Jack." Hiccup's voice was soft as he spoke and Jack scrambled to his knees.

"It has my staff!" Hiccup's head tilted and Jack watched as the creature's head did the same, mirroring each other. The creature was huge, long black leathery wings were folded at it's sides and large paw like feet held it up, claws digging into the dirt. Toxic green cat-like eyes stared at the brunette as he lowered his arm.

"Jack, trust me ok?" The glitch let out a breath before Hiccup dropped his bow and kicked it away, the creature's pupils dialated and Jack nearly laughed at the dramatic change in appearance. Hiccup's now free hand went into the now complete bag and pulled out one of the skinned rabbits.

"Hic-"

"Hey bud, you hungry?" Jack blinked at the archer before he looked at the creature, eyes once more slit. It slowly edged toward the man before him before it stopped and growled, Hiccup reaching in and pulling out his dagger. It screeched again and Hiccup dropped it to the side where the creature yanked it's head to the left and, by some rather fancy footwork, Hiccup flipped the dagger onto his boot and kicked it into the lake beside them.

"I'm not gonna hurt you, I just need my friend's stick."

"Staff! It's a staff hic." The creature's eyes flicked from Jack to Hiccup before it inched forward again, opening a Toothless mouth.

"Huh, Toothless."

"I could've sworn it had-" Jack was cut off by Hiccup who yelped as teeth suddenly extended and snatched the rabbit from his hands.

"Teeth." The creature licked its lips before looking at Hiccup again and advancing on Jack who started to scramble away, tripping backwards and ending up beneath the creature. "Jack!" Blue eyes shut, heart pounding before something was pressed against him and the warmth from the creature left. "I know what it is." Jack opened his eyes again and saw his staff in his arms.

"A nightmare?" Jack winced as the creature growled at him and he threw his hands up. "Ok sorry!" Hiccup chuckled and looked at the creature who stared back.

"Your a dragon aren't you." The dragon nodded and a wide grin split across Hiccup's face. "Oh this is so cool." Jack rolled his eyes and stood up, edging away from the black dragon and toward the archer.

"Yeah, completely frozen, can we leave now?" Hiccup glanced at the winter glitch and smirked.

"Not afraid are you snowflake?" He murmured and Jack scowled.

"No, just concerned. If you don't remember I don't do too well in he-ah! " Jack jumped back as the dragon spat a ball of flame at him, the purple-ly blue flame exploding on the floor. Jack jumped to the air, glaring at the black beast. Hiccup was laughing as the dragon suddenly looked innocent and adorable. "You just made an enemy." Jack says darkly and the dragon warbled, laughing almost.

"Oh that was brilliant." Hiccup wiped a tear from his eye and looked at the winter spirit who was now above him. "Jack I'm sure it was just a game." The archer stood upright again before stumbling slightly and an agonised look crossed his face. Jack darted toward him, pausing when the dragon was suddenly beside Hiccup. A sheen of sweat had appeared on Hiccup's forehead and Jack felt his heart jolt when Hiccup's head rolled and his body fell onto the dragon's neck.

"Hiccup!" The winter glitch dropped his staff, feet hitting the ground beside the unconscious man and carefully lifted him before realising he wouldn't be able to fly with Hiccup in his arms to the village. Jack scowled before turning to the Dragon.

"Alright Toothless," the dragon blinked at him. "Yes I'm calling you Toothless." Jack glanced around the cove and then looked down at Hiccup. "I need you to carry him to the village." The dragon blinked again before its wings dropped and Jack snorted at the look he received.

Toothless was clearly not impressed with his plan.

"You gotta better idea? He needs help. He's not from here so if he dies, it's game over for good." Toothless' eyes widened slightly. "I don't have any potions on me so we need to get him to Aurea oppido." Jack stared at the dragon who nodded once to him and the winter glitch smiled.

"Thank you." Jack placed Hiccup properly on the dragon's back, using a cloth he ripped off his cloak to tie Hiccup's arms around the dragon's neck and his legs around Toothless' stomach. The white haired male stood back and admired his work before the dragon shot up

into the air, Jack's hair being thrown back as it did so.

"Huh, not bad for a reptile." Grabbing his staff, Jack shot up after them and they flew toward the autumn village.

0o0o0o0o0o this line is magnificent o0o0o0o0o0

So there is the 5th part of the game AU, **Melting Angels** should start panicking since we're actually very close to where I currently am within writing this thing :')

But yeah... I'm working on the racer AU at the moment and I'm also working on the spy arc too :')

Let me know! Remember! Beer and cupcakes for reviewers! :3

24. linkin park- castle of glass (guardianAU

When Jack landed in burgess, his anger had only intensified. He quickly located Pitch's lair, and used his staff to make the dirt hole bigger, the hole barely big enough for a mole to fit, never mind the lean figure of the dark spectre. Once Jack was satisfied he'd fit, the winter boy jumped in, staff lighting the way as frosty power darted over it. Bare feet hit the floor, as blue eyes darted around, anger and worry overpowering any sense of self preservation he had. His head swivelled left and right, his eyes roaming over the cavern, as he finally took in the destruction around him.

Everything was crumbling.

The cages that had been hanging on his last visit were scattered along the floor, dented and marked with scratches in the dark metal. The walls were cracked, and huge chunks of the stone structures were scattered along the floor. Jack jumped forward, the wind carrying him further into the cavern. He wandered around, and found himself in what looked to be an old throne room, a sword leant against the blackened stone, the only bright object the winter spirit had come across. It seemed out of place, a relic among the crumbling kingdom, a beacon of light in the darkness. Curiosity took over him, and he crept forward, eyebrows furrowing as he got closer. The scabbard was adorned with golden symbols set against white ivory, the swirls and design seeming regal and so out of place. A pale hand reached forward to touch, it when a voice rang out in the darkness.

"Jack?" the white haired youth span and saw the hunched figure of Pitch Black.

Anger flared again and Jack's staff crackled with power.

"Where. Is. He." he demanded through clenched teeth.

Pitch frowned.

"Where is who? Why are you here frost?"

The winter prince glared, and the room temperature dropped several degrees.

"Don't play coy Pitch. Hiccup. Where is he."

The dark spectre stared at him before chuckling. The sound was quiet at first, before building in tempo. The response startled Jack, who blinked, staff lowering slightly before he regained his stance, weapon trained on Pitch.

"Oh this is fun. First I get broken into, now I have my enemy accusing me of kidnapping his precious boyfriend."

Jack gritted his teeth and he vaguely heard Tooth telling him off in his head.

"I haven't seen the brat b-"

White ice shot from Jack's staff and hit Pitch in the chest. As the dark spectre hit the floor, the winter prince blinked, and looked down at his staff.

He didn't mean to do that.

But on a more important note: why hadn't Pitch moved? It was a simple shot that was easily dodged. So why hadn't he?

"Pitch?" Jack's voice was small as his anger subsided, enough for him to see the other spirit struggling up.

"That was unnecessary." came the wheezing reply.

Confusion and suspicion rushed into Jack's brain as he gripped his staff.

"But as I was saying. I haven't seen the boy since you found us. What happened? Lover's qu-"

"Shut it Pitch. I know you're lying. I found black sand and you the only one I know who uses the stuff."

"And your hypothesis would be correct, if I hadn't been broken into earlier." the nightmare king glared at the boy, before leaning against a wall, slowly sliding down. Jack's concern shot forth. Never had Pitch let his guard down so much in front of him.

Maybe once upon a time, long ago but never in the recent 250 years.

"Pitch, what happened?" Jack's voice softened, and he lowered his staff, letting the wood hang loosely in his hand. The tall spectre groaned, and let his head fall back to rest against the wall behind him. The winter prince moved forward, hostility draining from him and horror taking its place as he finally got a good look at the man.

It was clear there had been a fight. And Pitch...

Pitch had lost.

Blood was smeared across a gaunt face, hair messy and in disarray, while his clothes were ripped in places. There was a deep cut on Pitch's cheek that oozed blood, a bruise forming around an eye which seemed like it didn't want to open. Jack's pale hand twitched as a

golden eye bore into his blue and the teen could see exactly how broken the man in front of him was. He'd lost everything: his home, his livelihood, his friends...

His purpose.

A bloodied hand twitched and Pitch struggled to form a sigh.

"I don't know her name. She turned up when I was relaxed and just... attacked." Pitch frowned, wincing as his leg slipped slightly. "I'd just managed to get the nightmares to calm down, when the next thing I know, I'm part of the wall and it..." the nightmare king's breath hitched and he coughed slightly, causing Jack to form a small ice cube in his hand.

"Here, this might help."

The dark spirit looked from the frozen cube to Jack's face.

"I'm sorry. I just... I need your help."

Pitch scoffed, and a shaking hand reached forward for the frozen water, before slipping it into his mouth. A shuddering sigh escaped through Pitch's nose, and Jack smiled.

"I'd forgotten how you did that." came Pitch's small voice.

Jack knelt down, staff held in the crook of his arm.

"Came in useful didn't it?"

Pitch laughed slightly at that and Jack's smile widened.

"Imbuing ice cubes with magical healing properties? Extremely. Who taught you again?"

Jack shifted slightly, and gently placed a finger on Pitch's swollen eye, blue magic swirling over the darkened flesh. Jack's eyes closed, and the swelling went down rapidly. A few seconds later, only the bruising remained and Jack's eyes re opened.

"That's as much I can do for that." Jack muttered, head spinning slightly.

Pitch smiled gently and sighed.

"Jack... Thank you. I'd hope under different circumstances... What happened between us..." Jack placed a hand gently on the dark spectre's cheek.

"Hey, don't worry about it."

Silence settled over the two, and Pitch leaned into Jack's gentle touch when suddenly a clap startled them.

"Oh well isn't this just sweet? Two star crossed lovers, atoning for their mistakes. It'd be shameful if anything disrupted it. Oh! Too late it seems."

Jack span, staff out and his body shielding the injured form of

Pitch.

"Who a-"

"Nirriti." Pitch's voice made Jack freeze.

He had heard about this spirit.

She was ruthless.

The winter spirit took in her image, blonde hair cascaded around an heart shaped face, caramel skin that looked smooth and soft to touch. She was beautiful.

But deadly.

The goddess of pain stalked forward, heels clicking against the stone floor, and Jack tensed, ready for a fight.

"Oh good to see your still awake! It's a shame I'll have to change that really. Tell me, have you met my... Colleague?" a man seemed to just appear behind her slightly.

He was short, not as short as Sandy but shorter than Jack himself, his face looking anything but friendly. A sneer was etched on his rounded face, and the winter prince fought back a shiver.

"This is my friend Kubera. He'll be assisting me on our... Experiment shall we say." her brown eyes latched onto Jack, and a sudden spike of fear swept through him. There was a black sword strapped to her side, metal glinting in the light of Jack's staff.

Jack himself knew he didn't have a chance. If Pitch couldn't fight, he would have to defend the dark spirit against these... Well... goons. Adjusting the grip on his staff, Jack stood up, his body still positioned between Pitch and the two deities. Some small rocks fell to the right behind him, but he ignored it, putting the sound down to Pitch shifting.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, cursing how his voice shook slightly. Nirriti smiled, her teeth glinting at him.

There was that sound again. He was about to turn when she replied.

"Well my dear, Pitchiner here is assisting me in our little experiment. There's just one thing left we need."

Jack had a terrible feeling about this.

"And what's that?"

A footstep behind him made him spin, and point his staff at the one who was sneaking up on them, frost and ice darting out to enclose the attacker and neutralise the threat.

Well, he would have if the world hadn't gone black around him, and his staff fell to the floor with a clatter, pain lancing through his head as something metal collided with it. As he crumbled to the floor, Pitch cried out before Kubera hit him hard, causing the spirit

to black out. Nirriti walked forward, hips rolling and her blue skinny jeans framed slender legs as she stood over the unconscious winter spirit.

"You."

25. Guardian AUch2: Dirty paws-OM&M

"-ack! Wake up! Please..." jack's head swam as he tried to take in what was happening. His head hurt.. Really badly too but what ha-

"Jack!"

Blue eyes swiveled around the room, head lolling to the side as he groggily took in his surroundings, and potentially give whoever was shouting a right earful.

"You're awake.. Thank gods!" Blue eyes looked toward a figure against the wall and, as he focussed on whoever it was, a wave of nausea washed over him.

"Who..." his voice cracked and the winter prince coughed as he realised how warm he was.

"Jack it's me... It's Hiccup."

That caught his attention. All sense of drowsiness evaporated, and he jerked forward, but a sharp pain around his wrists stopped him, and his head shot backwards, head hitting stone behind him.

"Ow! Shit... Where are we?" the winter prince asked, and the younger male sighed.

"I don't know.. I wouldn't move too much, you're bleeding." he said, his voice small and dripping with concern.

Jack squinted, his eyes adjusting fully to the darkness, and he gasped at the sight of the auburn haired male. Red lines crossed his bare chest, crimson blood coated the top of his pants, and a bruise was forming on his cheek. Usually well placed hair was messy and choppy at the back, as if someone had been cutting it haphazardly. A jolt of fury ran through Jack and his hand clenched when he realised;

"Where's my staff?" the white haired male looked around, his head throbbing painfully with every movement.

Hiccup moved his leg and winced slightly, causing Jack to exhale sharply as he saw what had happened. Hiccup's prosthetic had been hacked at. Shards of wood were sticking up, clearly digging into the sensitive flesh of his stump, and blood coated the contraption. His green pants were ripped and burnt in places, wounds that looked infected dotted the usually flawless skin, causing Jack's blood to boil.

Whoever was responsible wasn't going to live.

"Hey hic, are you ok?"

The green eyed boy nodded, a slight whimper escaping as he set his leg back on the floor.

"Yeah... Where's toothless? Is he ok?" Jack smiled.

"Yeah he was roughed up a little but he's fine. I sent him to the pole, the guardians are taking care of him."

A sigh of relief was barely heard as a door, that the white haired male hadn't spotted, swung open. Nirriti walked in, tanned skin standing out against her white blouse.

"Well good morning boys! So glad to see you awake. I hear you two are well acquainted already which makes this even easier for me. However," she turned to Jack with a sickly sweet smile on her face. "I don't think you've met my friend Yama here."

A man stepped out from behind her, golden staff glowing slightly. Jack's eyes widened.

"You! You were the one who hit me!" Yama smiled, rotten teeth making jack recoil slightly. Tooth would have a fit if she saw this guy.

"That is correct." his voice sent shivers up Jack's spine. Flashes of red ran through his mind, gunfire echoed, and screams of women burning all flashed through his memory, a lump forming in his throat.

"You... You were the one there with Pitch that night... When that... When they died." he managed, Nirriti looking pleased as he spoke, and Yama once again nodded.

"You see Jackie, Yama here is the God of Death. He is my brother. As is Kubera. There are four of us in our cause, four who wish for my happiness. And four who don't. But you need not worry about them." Nirriti stalked forward, black sword still strapped to her side.

"What do you want Uhyre(serpent)" Hiccup snarled as Nirriti placed a manicured nail on Jack's face, gently tracing the contours as a lover would.

"Oh all in good time Cacing**, but for now..." she let go of the winter prince's cheek, and Jack glared at the woman. "I have a proposition for you." she drew her sword and held it to Hiccup's throat. "Marry me or I'll slit his throat."

"Kill me then!"

"NO!"

The two boys were watching the woman now, one with hatred and one with horror. Hiccup's green eyes were ablaze, unadulterated loathing clear to see, where as Jack's blue were shining in terror and worry. Nirriti smiled sweetly, and looked at Hiccup who matched her unwavering gaze.

"You have not been given permission to speak!" she shouted the last

word at the auburn haired boy and hit him hard, the autumn spirit's head flying back with a crack against the stone.

"No! Stop! Please... Just... Leave him alone." Jack pleaded, his chest heaving. "24 hours, please. Just give us 24 hours and I'll be yours. We'll stay here I promise..."

"Jack what're you- "

"We won't try to escape just please-"

"No! I'm not letting you do this!"

"- Let him go!" Nirriti was watching Jack now, the panic unmistakable in the winter prince's voice, and the anger that laced Hiccup's rang empty to her.

"24 hours? No attempts of escape? And you'll marry me? Stay beside me to rule the worlds?" Jack's head rested on his chest and he nodded, hands clenching.

"Just... Let me... let me say goodbye properly." the broken tone of jack's voice sparked something in Hiccup and he fell silent, eyes prickling with tears.

"Jack please... No..." the dragon rider whispered as Nirriti moved forward toward the white haired male.

"Fine. I'll set up a room. But 24 hours from this very moment, you are mine forever." the winter prince nodded, before falling to the floor, chains around his wrists opening and letting gravity take action.

As Nirriti left the room, Yama following closely behind her, Jack scrambled up and caught the autumn spirit as he too was released, a cry of agony leaving him as the shards of wood he had tried not to aggravate, dug further into his leg, and new ones joined the ranks. Tears fell from Hiccup's eyes as he clutched Jack's hoodie.

"why? Why would you do this? I'm not worth your free-" he was cut off as a cold set of lips pressed feverishly against his. As jack pulled away, pale fingers running through auburn hair, The winter male spoke.

"Because I would give anything to make sure you were safe. You need medical help and I... I can't give you enough. I can give some, but not enough to heal what has happened." small bursts of frost darted across the wounds on hiccup's chest and the autumn spirit gasped.

"Jack, I'm not gonna let you do this, you know that right?" Hiccup's voice was small and timid, his words carefully planned out. Jack smiled weakly, tears streaming down his face.

"Hiccup, you can't stop me. I'm not letting her hurt you any more."

The door opened again and a grey woman walked in, face vacant and black. The woman walked over to the two boys, and gestured with her hands for them to get up. Jack staggered to his feet and held a hand

for the green eyed boy. The dragon rider managed to get one foot on the floor but gasped sharply when he moved his other, the prosthetic dangling slightly as he bit his lip to ignore the pain.

Jack knelt down and, as gently as he could manage in his shaken state, removed the prosthetic, wincing every time Hiccup whimpered in pain. When the prosthetic was finally free, Jack threw it aside before gently frosting the bleeding and red stump. Sliding an arm under hiccup's legs, Jack picked the boy up bridal style and turned to the doorway.

"Jack I can manage... Somehow..." Hiccup muttered, and Jack snorted at the image of hiccup hopping down the corridors. He stopped though, when the boy in his arms let out a gasp of pain.

"Sorry."

Jack followed the woman through a few hallways, before they came to a room, the door a chocolate brown with black flowers around the edge. Inside was bright, all blues or whites, and the boys squinted in the sudden light. Clearly Nirriti had tried to impress the winter spirit, but Jack's eyes were trained on Hiccup's face. The woman made them enter, before shutting the door, and a click of a lock filled the room. Hiccup looked at his white haired lover and raised an eyebrow at him.

"Please tell me you were lying about not attempting to escape." Jack smiled sheepishly and set hiccup gently down on the double bed to the side.

"No, I wasn't. But that's not important now. What's important are the next 24 hours and what we say." he rested his head on Hiccup's and closed his eyes.

"Jack, no matter what you've said, this is not a goodbye and it will not be treated as such." Hiccup's voice was hard, determined, and Jack felt a spark of hope and love for the boy.

"Either way, let's enjoy this. After all, we have a room to ourselves." he pulled away and grinned, winking at the boy, and Hiccup gaped at him.

"seriously? You want to do this now? Wow... Um jack? You are... Something else entirely have I ever to-mphf!" he was cut off when Jacks lips crashed into his again, a tingle rushing through him at the contact and hitting his bleeding stump.

He gasped against Jack's lips, and the winter spirit pressed against him further, the tingling sitting on his chest and his back, every wound he had tingled in a pleasant way that reminded the auburn haired boy of goosebumps. Jack sagged suddenly, and dropped to his knees, forehead resting on hiccup's good knee as he panted. The autumn spirit ran a hand through white hair, and he gently lifted jack's head.

"What was that?" Came the breathless question from Hiccup's parted lips. Blue eyes peeked through half lidded eyelids, and Hiccup felt concern wash over him. "Are you alright?" The winter prince looked exhausted. Sweat poured down his face, and he was shaking slightly, breathing still heavy. The gash on his head was still bleeding, and

Hiccup felt his heart clench.

"Yeah hic, I'm fine." Jack's soft voice followed a gentle touch against a tanned cheek, and the smaller male leant into the touch. The auburn haired spirit gently pulled Jack's hands up, trying to convey to him to get on the bed, and Hiccup watched as the white haired boy struggled up onto the soft mattress.

"Jack, what was that?" tanned fingers played gently with Jack's hair, and a small smile wormed its way onto the winter spirit's face.

"That was me doing something to help. Pretty much all I can do without my staff." Jack's eyes opened, and eventually focussed on Hiccup's green ones.

"You stopped the pain..." the green eyed boy muttered, eyebrows raised in realisation. Jack laughed gently and gently took hiccup's hand in his.

"As I said, it's all I can do right now." Hiccup smiled before leaning down and gently kissing the winter spirit.

"Thank you." he whispered and kissed him again.

Jack smiled into the kiss.

"I love you Hic. I've never said it but... I do." Hiccup pulled away and studied his lover's face.

"Really?" jack's eyes opened and stared at the autumn spirit in disbelief.

"Of course! How couldn't I love all... This!" his hand waved lazily in Hiccup's direction, and a smile spread across the auburn haired boy's face.

"You just gestured to all of me."

"Exactly. I love all of you." Jack struggled up, rubbing at his eye for a second with his hand. "And nothing will change that."

"Jack..."

"Mhm?"

"I lo-"

BANG

* * *

><p>Lo and behold... chapter 2 of the Guardian arc... so i wanna appologise for taking so long to update...

shiz has been happening so yeah...

***(also im running on fumes of not sleeping for over 24 hours)**

**but here's an update thanks to the lovely _Melting Angels
-**

Where would i be without you chick?

You know the drill people!

**reveiw for beer and.. hmm... let's make it something british...
Fish and chips?**

hm... i'd love some cod right now...

**Nom time for me! :D **

26. Senses Fail- calling all cars (race AU2)

Ok so! Long time no posts, sorry about that but it's been a weird few weeks. I've finally got the PC back so I just need money and red bull for there to be a massive update.

But until then I had an idea.

Frozen AU, where Elsa is a bad guy. Anyone up for that? I even have pictures of various scenes I've drawn.

Also: castle AU where Jack's the billionaire, playboy philanthropist (I think that's how you spell it)

Also; 20 points to the one who gets that :3

So speak to me people! I can't carry on talking to my personal little plot bunnies! I need people with shotguns to determine the weakest and destroy it! (Wow that was dark...)

But without further ado,

Thanks to MeltingAngels who beta'd this (and gave me the ending to this one) so this story is actually for her now :)

I own nothing but my boobs. They're real. I grew them myself yanno. Oh and the plot idea... Though I'm sure my pillow owns the rights...

oh and thanks to thecrazyLaDiDa and MeltingAngels who pointed out that my spaces had gone AWOL.

o0o0o0o0 This is gonna be Epic 0o0o0o0o

When Hiccup spotted the flash of blonde in the mirror opposite him, the brunette swore he had a heart attack. Then again, he had an obviously pissed off Hofferson after him and he had nothing but a glass of whisky and a beer to save himself with.

What a day to leave Toothless at home.

The Auburn haired male swallowed his beer and slipped his phone into his jeans, looking into the lights with unfocused eyes, his mind racing with possible outcomes. His oh-so-helpful mind was halted when

Astrid flopped into the bar stool next to him, her hand signalling to the bar tender. Hiccup blinked and refocused before noticing the racer beside him.

"Astr-" He started but stopped when the blonde held up her hand, effectively cutting him off as a mug of mead was set in front of her.

"Hiccup, Don't." Long fingers gripped at the mug, the golden liquid slipping between her lips and the mug hit the table again. The customers of the bar were few for now, the building being reserved for qualifying racers. Mechanics mingled with the other members of their teams, talking amongst themselves and creating a low hum of noise. "Where /were/ you? I spoke to the team and they said you up and left." Grey eyes were staring at the mug and Hiccup's emerald eyes stared at the glass of whisky in his hand.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean"

"But I'm gonna overlook it."

"to just le- I.. uh... what?" Hiccup's head flicked to her, eyes wide. Astrid nodded, seemingly in a world of her own, before she took another swig of her drink.

"I need your help." Hiccup's eyes rolled and he took a swig from the amber liquid, frowning as it left the familiar gentle burn in his throat.

"And this is?" It was Astrid's turn to pause as a flash of white was spotted beside the door before smiling, the action seeming forced.

"I need you to persuade Jack to leave the race. I overheard someone the other day say they were gonna hurt him if he continues. I just.. don't want anyone getting hurt." Hiccup's eyes widened slightly and he stared at Astrid. Her eyes were fixated on her mug and she seemed intent on not meeting his gaze. The Mechanic sighed and turned slightly so he could look around the room.

"Well when he gets here, we'll just tell him that he's in danger."

"No!" Hiccup jumped slightly with the loudness of Astrid's voice and his emerald eyes stared at her pale face. "I mean... what if the person I heard talking is here? Jack would be in more danger because they know he knows." Hiccup deflated a little.

"So what are you suggesting?" He had a feeling he wasn't going to like this-

"Get close to him and convince him not to race."

-Part. Of course. Nothing was ever simple for Henrick Haddock the third was it.

The little person in his head was groaning and banging its head on the walls of his skull, begging him not to go through with whatever crazy scheme the blonde had in store but, with one look at the defeated posture of his friend, every counter argument he had just

disappeared.

"Ugh. Fine. But you owe me! Big time got it?" Hiccup said and Astrid smiled, jumping up and hugging him tightly.

"Naturally." She turned to the bar and shouted another order to the barman before pulling Hiccup closer, her arm slung around his shoulders, and grinned at him. "Thanks Henrick. I really appreciate it."

"Don't mention it." the glass of whisky was placed in front of him and he picked it up. "To a successful and safe racing tournament."

"And to the best and most awesome best friend ever." Astrid added, raising her second mug and tapping it against Hiccup's.

When Astrid was sure that Hiccup was safely inside his dingy apartment, she let her head fall forward and hit the top of her steering wheel. Her head pounded with a lingering headache. Hiccup was drunk, her fault mainly (she should of remembered that after the 8th shot, even the best of vikings struggle to stay up. Though Hiccup had managed 15 doubles before slurring his words and a further 5 before he couldn't stand still.) and even though she felt guilty for lying to him, she did manage to drag out that the white haired male really wasn't that bad looking.

Grey eyes closed and she sighed, head pressing into the wheel and she let the tension melt from her shoulders. Silence was draped around her like a cloak, the car long since turned off and the seat belt removed.

A sudden knock on the passenger window caused her to jump and look around wildly, tired eyes landing on the silhouette of Pitch. She breathed out a sigh of relief and unlocked the doors, allowing the male to slip into the BMW.

"And how are you this fine evening Miss Hofferson?" Astrid's eyes rolled and she looked at him.

"Why do you bother? We both know we hate the pleasantries." She muttered, picking at her nail as the golden eyed man smirked.

"Not spooked are you?" Astrid glared at the man and shook her head. "Good, that would be bad. Now! Down to order of business yes?" He clasped his hands together and smiled at the blonde woman, his teeth seeming sharp and dangerous, causing a shiver of discomfort to run up the woman's spine.

"I've asked my friend to seduce and convince Frost to leave. He's said he'll do it, some silly story I cooked up about overhearing a sinister conversation." Astrid gestured to the building to her side and Pitch grinned wickedly.

"Well I propose an alliance. You keep me informed of your friend's progress and i'll do the rest." Astrid froze at the sinister glint in

the male's eye.

"Um.. yeah sure. You promise no-one will figure out what's going on right?" the grey eyed woman bit her lip as she finished and watched as pitch climbed out the car, poking his head back into it before flashing his teeth at her.

"Oh I swear on my soul Miss Hofferson. Now, Good night." the door slammed shut and Astrid sat there in silence once more, her breathing the only sound in the space before her head swung around to face Hiccup's apartment building.

"I've come too far to go back from here. I have no choice." Her eyes hardened and, as the sky opened up with rain, the blonde started her car and sped off down the street, street lamps illuminating her seemingly pale face. "He won't get the best of me this time."

The revving of the engine was the last thing that Hiccup wanted to hear this early in the morning (I mean really! Who's up at 7 AM on a saturday?) but he had a promise to keep. So after checking over Astrid's car, the emerald eyed male found himself walking along the pits toward the NSPA section and leant against the wall as he watched someone tinker with the engine.

"Hey Bite-size!" Hiccup jumped, as did the person in the engine compartment and Hiccup snorted as he heard muttered curses as a cap covered head hit the open bonnet. Hiccup looked around and spotted Bunny walking toward him, a smile on his face.

"Aster! Hey!" Hiccup smiled back as he shook the Australian's hand before standing awkwardly.

"So, what cha doing here?" Hiccup blushed slightly and shrugged.

"Oh you know, just trying to walk off a hangover." Bunny winced and looked at the auburn haired man.

"ah'd heard yer drank a fair few last night. Are yer sure yer should be here?" Hiccup smiled before wincing as the car behind him started up and backfired, sending a sharp throbbing pain through his head.

"Yeah I'll be fine. What's up with this thing?" He turned to look at the car and saw black smoke pouring out the back.

"Ah yer, she's nearly had her day's worth. It's Frost's car." Hiccup frowned at that. This navy blue rusting Fiesta looked nothing like the Light Blue 'Baby' that raced.

"Like.. his actual car?" Bunny nodded and hiccup's eyebrow shot up.
"Wow.. and I thought I was lame."

"Hey! I heard that! Don't listen to him BT. He's just jealous." A voice came from inside the car and suddenly a head popped up, a grey and red cap covering white hair, blue eyes sparkling at him from the pale face.

"Oh great, you named the car after a phone company? Is it so you know what to use when it doesn't work?" Hiccup folded his arms as he spoke, an amused smile on his face as he watched Jack's jaw dropped.

"Hey it's Frecks!" Bunny moved beside Hiccup and the brunette turned to see him walk away.

"Woahwoahwoah, where are you going?" Bunny turned to face the Auburn haired man.

"Yer brought that on yerself. I agreed to yer driver, not you." Hiccup's face dropped and he glared at the grey haired man.

"Thank you for nothing, you useless man." Bunny grinned and waved behind him as he walked off, closing off a curtained section so the two men were left alone.

"So eh.. what cha dooin?" Hiccup jumped as he heard Jack beside him.

"Did you just actually quote Phineas and Ferb?". The white haired male grinned sheepishly at him as Hiccup winced, pain lancing through his head.

"hey you ok?" worry laced the racer's voice and the medic looked up at him. "you look a bit pale dude." Jack gently took Hiccup's arm and lead him over to a couch that was hidden behind a small curtain. "wait here" Hiccup was pushed down into the soft cushions before Jack darted off. The pounding in his head escalated and the auburn haired man let out a small moan of pain before holding his head in his hands.

Worst. Decision. Ever.

Never was Henrick'Hiccup'Haddock the third letting anyone goad him into a drinking contest again.

"Here, take this. It should help." Hiccup looked up and found a plastic cup filled with water and a small white pill held in the other hand. The auburn haired male took the pill great fully and swallowed it before groaning. "Now you lie here and get some sleep, it should help." Green eyes stared at the white haired male.

"What?"

"I just never expected you of all people to help someone other than yourself." Jack blinked before smirking.

"Well you learn something new everyday huh. Get some sleep, I'll make sure someone wakes you before the race." Jack stood up and picked up the glass as Hiccup laid down, pausing as he watched the white haired racer.

"Hey Jack," the blue eyed man turned and looked at the drowsy mechanic. "Thanks." A soft smile graced Jack's face and he nodded to the brunette.

"Don't mention it freckles." Hiccup watched as Jack left, a small smile on his face as he felt drowsiness wash over him. Just as his

eyes closed, he swore he saw a man in black sneak into the pit where Jack's racing car was.

0o0o0o0o0 no no, the kangaroo's right 0o0o0o0o0o

"-cup... Hey hiccup wake up!" Green eyes fluttered open and immediately spotted the tanned face of Bunny above him. Sitting up slightly, the medic turned mechanic looked around in confusion.

"Wha? What's going on?" Emerald eyes locked back onto jade green and Bunny smiled.

"Come on mate, the race is abou' ta start!" Hiccup's eyes widened and he jumped up, stumbling slightly as he made his way to the entrance.

"Thanks Bunny!" He managed before bumping into someone. Gravity took hold and Hiccup braced himself for impact when he felt strong arms wrap around his waist.

"Woah there! Slow down frecks! Leave the speed to the pro's yeah?" Jack smirked at the smaller male before standing him upright again and letting go. "There you go! Be careful yeah?" He shouted to the quickly retreating auburn haired male's back. The white haired male shook his head, laughing slightly as he looked at Bunny who had his arms crossed.

"Well would ya look a that." The australian chuckled.

"What?" Jack's arms flew up, gesturing wildly.

"Someone's gotta crush!" Jack blushed and turned toward his light blue car.

"Shut up kangaroo." His helmet was pulled on as Aster's face lit up.

"You didn't deny it! Ah ha! Ey North!" Jack chuckled as he climbed into the car and began to fasten up the seatbelts. Bunny popped his head through the window to speak to the white haired male. "Ey Frostbite, do me a favour." Jack looked at the Australian, a witty comeback dying at the look on the other man's face. "Be careful yeah? I gotta bad feelin about this." Jack smiled gently and patted aster's face.

"Aw you do care." The seriousness in Bunny's eyes disappeared and amusement filled them.

"Ah rack off ya bloody show pony." He pulled his head out of the car and patted the roof. "Now get out there an show em how ter drive!" Jack laughed as he drove off toward his starting line, his start of race mantra flowing through his head.

Hiccup, however, had just made it to his own team's pit and pulled on his headset when Astrid found him.

"Hiccup! Thank thor! I thought you'd bailed on me! Where have you been? How's your head?" Hiccup gestured for her to calm down and he smiled at her.

"I'm fine astr-"

"Good now did you check the intake valves?" She began rattling on as she walked toward the car, hiccup stumbling into step beside her.

"Wha-? Yeah it's fi-"

"What about the gear box? I noticed it stick last time."

"It's wor-"

"And what about-"

"Astrid!" The auburn haired male shouted, causing the blonde to stop. "Get in the Gods damned car." The grey eyed woman grinned and pulled her helmet on and climbed into the car, Hiccup leaning on the side last the previous race. "Now, I've checked everything, stormfly's running perfectly, you just have to show them how it's done ok?" Astrid nodded to him and hiccup stood back, watching as she sped off. Turning back to the tent, the emerald eyed man clasped his hands together.

"Ok gang! Listen up!"

"Welcome back all you racing fans to the second qualifying race! This race will see the list of qualifiers drop from the 10 racers to 5 and then we have the Finals! Here with me today is the lovely Eliza Ambers! Who do you have high hopes for Eliza?"

"Well-"

Jack's blue eyes flicked from the black car in front of him to his rear view mirror. He didn't want to admit it, but he had a bad feeling about this race too. Just as he was about to mention it to Bunny on the mic, his gaze spotted Astrid next to him.

"Ready to loose Frosty?"

The blonde called across to him and a grin formed on Jack's face.

"Are you, princess?"

The glare that Astrid sent his way caused the white haired racer to laugh, and speed off as the flag was dropped. The race was short, only 20 laps instead of the previous 50, and it was smooth sailing really. Jack stayed comfortably in second until lap 15. The white haired male managed to pass Pitch's car on the inside, and put a fair few feet between them.

"Alright Kid! Keep that pace and you're home fr-" Bunny's voice was cut off in Jack's ear as a tyre exploded and Jack swerved, smoke beginning to leak from under the bonnet.

This wasn't right. A quick glance at the Speedo confirmed the 190MPH crash that was about to happen, and Jack braced himself as something beeped.

Hiccup had ran to the front of the pits as Astrid had yelled about Jack's car, and green eyes watched as the blue car swerved, before something exploded under the bonnet. The car flipped completely forward, twisting slightly as Pitch drove underneath the burning vehicle. Hiccup watched, wide eyed before yanking off the headset and grabbing his high visibility jacket that was stuffed into his Medic bag.

"Call an ambulance! Tell them to send the helicopter!" he yelled as he ran out, Fishlegs watching as the brunette ran toward the track.

Pitch's car sped across the line, Astrid's barely making it before Jack's car landed just behind it, the car a mangled wreck, skidding, and overturning once more, before landing on its roof.

Pulling the bright jacket on, Hiccup stumbled to a stop next to the car.

"Jack! Jack, can you hear me?!" the emerald eyed man called, the silence that greeted him causing worry to bubble up.

Tanned hands scramble around the car and a piece of metal is dislodged to reveal a white fireproof suit spotted with red. A weak cough drew Hiccup's attention, and a small sigh of relief escaped as he spotted Jack still strapped into the seat.

A trickle of blood ran down his cheek as Hiccup struggled to un clasp him. He went to say something, but another weak cough interrupted him. Hiccup's heart skipped a beat as he saw the blood dribbling down Jack's chin, and pooling around his lips.

Internal bleeding.

"Hey, it's gonna be ok Jack, just stay awake yeah?" Jack's blue eyes locked hazily onto Hiccup's.

Hiccup could see that the white haired male was losing the battle, and he pleaded with Jack to stay awake, but all his efforts were in vain, for the blue-eyed young man slipped away, eyes closing shut, just as the helicopter touched down in the distance.

Standing several feet away, a particular blonde felt her stomach turn, staring at the once shining blue car, which was now dented, scorched, and covered in flames.

27. LostProphets - 4AM (Racer AU Chapter 3)

OK SO! Third chapter of the Racer AU :D Thanks so much to a new follower and favourite...er... well that doesn't look right at all , but i digress.

Thank you Gilbertdieawesomekatzetammer!

Here, have a cookie and a beer. Or pop. No pressure :)

Also; Thanks to Nina who confused me but made me smile anyway

and a big thanks to JaylaXx Who's jumped on this growing train of disaster.

As always, thanks to my AMAZING brit-chick Melting Angels for BETA'ing this :) (Love you chick :*)

Seriously, when I get a message saying someone's followed or favourited (sometimes it's both) or even a review, I get so happy and excited :3

Anyhoo, i just wanna prewarn people that, yes, this chapter does seem a little slow but i think it's nessasery to build up the cuteness of the Hijacks and it's a little fluff of Hiccup being so cute with kids (as i'd imagine he would be)

Also: Dont say it three times! you have been warned!

Welcome to the next episode of the Racer Arc! Please keep all arms and legs within the arc and, if the fluff is too much, please collect any and all exploded ovaries at the end. Thank you for trusting Team Neko!

0o0o0 Not bad Yerself 0o0o0

The first thing Jack was aware of when he regained consciousness, was that everything hurt. The first thing he knew, however, was that he was not in the apartment. He tried to think back and figure out what happened, but there was an annoying persistent beeping that sped up every time pain lanced through him. Something was in his nose, he could feel that, and it was blowing something out. Cerulian eyes opened slowly, and carefully, to blurrily take in his surroundings, when they took in a strange reddish brown blob with a speck of green.

"Jack?"

The white haired racer winced as this blur spoke, his head reeling with the effort of staying awake long enough to hear it out.

"Jack how're you feeling?"

"M'kay... Who're..." The racing driver's speech was slurred and confused as he spoke, and the blur moved slightly.

"Jack it's Henrick."

Confusion spread across his face.

"Ugh.. Freckles?"

A small relieved laugh escaped from Jack, before a harsh cough took over, roughly jolting his frame.

"H- hey Hic..." A pale hand lifted to his face and gently tugged on the thing blowing into his nose.

"Woah, no leave that Jack, trust me, it'll help."

The white haired man smiled slightly, and his hand dropped back to the bed.

"Wha happ'ned?"

"You popped a lung in the crash. You're lucky though. A fractured wrist, 3 broken ribs, several cracked, few cuts and scrapes but all in all, you survived what should have killed you."

Something warm touched Jack's hand and he weakly grasped at it.

"Jack... What happened?"

The white haired male shifted, groaning as pain lanced through him.

"Stay laid down idiot!"

Jack chuckled, a cough cutting him short.

"Tyre blew... Then... Something happened... Engine blew." The racing driver managed, eyes fluttering closed already.

Hiccup frowned.

"Jack, please. Leave the race. You qualified but you can't race like this. You'll be killed!" Hiccup's desperate tone made Jack open his eyes, and stare at the blurry form of the medic.

"I'm not doing that Henrick."

Hiccup blinked. Since when did Jack use his real name? He opened his mouth to continue, when the door behind him opened, a doctor walking in.

"Mr Haddock, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. I need to speak to Mr. Frost."

Hiccup glared but nodded, turning back to the driver.

"This isn't over Jack."

A small smile graced Jack's face, and Hiccup left, a dark expression clouding his features.

He'd checked the engine. There was no reason the crash should have happened.

As Hiccup pulled off his pilot jacket, his shift having ended, the emerald eyed man made a decision.

Time to investigate.

0o0o0 thank you for summing that up o0o0o0

It seemed the sky was mourning what had happened when Hiccup pulled into the track. The yellow cab honked as it pulled away, and the auburn haired male raised a hand in response, rain flattening his hair, and turning his beige jacket an ugly shade of brown. Black sneakers padded softly against the floor as he walked toward the entrance, flashing his pass to the security guard on duty. His feet

squeaked as he walked along the polished white floor toward the pits, and his green eyes never wavered from ahead. He pushed the grey metal door open and slipped into the racer's area before heading toward the NSPA pit, pausing when he heard voices.

"What do you mean you took care of it?"

"Exactly what I mean. Seriously, how stupid are you?"

"But the boss didn't want it that elaborate! And who's to say he didn't survive! What then? If you get found out, we're all fucked!"

Hiccup blinked and crept closer, footing slow and careful.

"Relax moron. There's no way anyone can link us."

"So you got the box back?"

"Not yet, if I'm the first person there they'll think it was me and make the connection. No we have to let someone else take the fall for this."

Hiccup's eyes widened and he pulled out his phone, quickly hitting record.

"And who you planning on that being?"

"Well I did notice that Haddock kid in Frost's pit just before the race. He had plenty of time to attach the box and get back on the couch in time for the australian to wake him."

"Oh yeah... It's almost as if he pre-empted it. I see what you mean. So, when are you gonna pick it up?"

"Tonight when everything's clear."

Hiccup scowled and quietly walked back toward the track, quietly pushing the door open and slipping back into the pouring rain.

"Great. Just great. I overhear people talking about the accident, only to find out and capture the final act where I'm the bad guy!" Hiccup grumbled under his breath as he made his way to the NSPA pit, the mangled remains of Baby sitting out front.

A twinge of panic swept through him, as Jack's pale and bloodied face flashed through his mind. He shook his head and pushed his auburn bangs to one side before letting out a shaky breath. Trembling hands gripped the dented and blackened metal of the bonnet and pulled upwards, the metal groaning and twisting before eventually releasing and the acidic stench of burnt plastic assaulted the emerald eyed male's nose.

"Ok so... He said box..." Hiccup muttered as he searched the engine compartment, eyes spotting something odd to one side beside the alternator.

Tanned fingers twisted around wires and pipes, before gripping at the small black object and pulled it out

The object seemed to be a piece of metal, no bigger than his hand, with wires and what looked like plasticine stuck to one side. Green eyes widened as he turned the metal over in his hands, the metal taking on a sparkling effect, almost like sand, and Hiccup's surprise turned to anger and confusion. Etched into one corner were three things.

K.d.8

Looking away from the box in his hands, Hiccup walked into the team's pit and placed the contraption on a table, before sitting down at a computer.

Nimble fingers danced across a keyboard as a password field flashed up.

"Ah damn..." He hit the table with his fist and put his head in his hands.

"Bite-size?"

The auburn haired man jumped and span around, coming face to face with Bunny.

"What're ya doin here? And what the hell is that?"

Hiccup's eyes darted to the black slab, then back to the Australian, at the suspicion and accusation in his voice.

"Listen, Aster, I had nothing to do with this. I swear. Jack does my head in but I would never try to hurt him. I'm just trying to figure out what the hell happened."

Bunny's eyes flicked from the table to Hiccup, searching the shorter male's face for deception.

"Please Aster, I'm a medic. Gods I can't even kill a spider! Ask Astrid, I freaking pick them up and take them outside. I didn't do this."

Bunny was in front of him now, Hiccup still rooted to the spot.

"Then why are ya here?"

"The same as you."

The Australian's eyebrow raised.

"To figure out what happened. You said it yourself, your mechanic isn't here and no-one knows these cars better than someone who works on them, namely me."

Hiccup glanced at the car, and his breath left him as he spotted red amongst the silver and light blue of the wreckage.

"You just have to... Trust me on this."

Silence filled the pit, before Bunny reached over and picked up the

metal shard.

"This... This is pretty hardcore stuff. Not quite military grade but definitely not legal."

Hiccup sighed in relief almost before pointing to the small etching on the corner.

"I was going to pull up the rostra and cross reference the letters, see if they match with anyone."

The auburn haired male turned away before freezing.

"Wait what?"

He spun to face the other male again, and Bunny tapped the metal shard.

"This is a home made explosive. And from the looks of it, who ever built it knew what they were doing. Though it coulda been a lot worse. The charge didn't fully explode, seems like it malfunctioned."

"Do I even want to know how you know this?"

Bunny shrugged at the question.

"Iraq."

Hiccup Ah'd in acknowledgment and turned to the computer again.

"Here, the password's lateral incisor."

Hiccup raised an eyebrow and the australian grinned.

"Our mechanic has a Dental degree, sheila's tooth mad."

There was a soft beep as the computer logged on, capturing Hiccup's attention as he input the letters and number.

"There's no results."

Hiccup groaned and massaged his temples.

"That's cos yer've misread this. It's not Kd8. It's K.P.B and I know who it is."

Hiccup turned to the taller man and blinked when he saw the anger on his face.

"Aster?"

"Pitch. It was Pitch."

Hiccup frowned, thinking intently.

"Wait, don't you have camera's hooked up?"

It was Bunny's turn to look surprised.

"How d'ye know that?" Hiccup smirked.

"Oh puh-lease. It's something I would do."

Bunny smiled at that and put the metal shard down, leaning next to Hiccup to access the files.

"What the... There's a whole hour's worth of footage gone."

Hiccup sighed.

"Of course there is. Look, when I walked in I overheard some guys trying to pin this on me. I only caught the last of their conversation but it's bad Aster. I think... I think they might try to go after Jack again. Is his home address in the system?"

The australian nodded and Hiccup ran a hand through his hair.

"All our address are... But... Oh."

Bunny placed a hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"This is yer second race isn't it?"

The medic nodded and bunny grinned.

"They don't put yer addresses in till yer fifth race."

Hiccup blinked before he realised what the Australian was saying.

"Oh what?! No! He can't! I have... A... A dog! My dog doesn't like visitors!" He tried lamely when he saw the look on bunny's face.

"And Jack has a sister who has no living relatives. If they're after frostbite, they might go after her. Please Henrick."

Hiccup stared at the Australian, before groaning and letting his head fall on the desk.

"Fine. But you owe me!"

"That ah do Bite-size. That ah do."

0o0o0owe're gonna play a game instead0o0o0o

Pulling up to the white washed apartment was perhaps one of the most nerve wracking things Hiccup had ever done. The green capri fell silent as Aster turned the engine off, and turned to him.

"Now Emma's been told that she's not ta open the door fer anyone unless they know the password."

Hiccup raised his eyebrow.

"It's not lateral incisor is it?"

Aster grinned and shook his head.

"Nah frostbite came up with this one. It's beetle juice."

Hiccup blinked at the tanned male before sighing and opening the door.

"I'm not even gonna question it."

The auburn haired pilot stepped out, black sneakers squelching as he stepped into a puddle.

"This is just not my day."

Hiccup let his gaze wander up the tall building, and he looked down at his hand, black lettering standing out against his tanned skin.

"Apartment... Hmm... Ah yes, 1482."

Emerald eyes scanned the number pad next to the door and he pressed the little button next to the number.

"Hello?"

Hiccup blinked at the voice that came through, sounding innocent and young.

"Hello, um, My name's Hen- Hiccup, I'm a friend of your brother's."

"I'm not allowed to open the door..."

Hiccup smiled.

"I know sweetie, Bunny's told me the secret word."

There was a rustling on the other end of the intercom before she replied.

"Ok... Then what's my name?" Hiccup blinked.

"Well if you mean your physical name-"

"No stupid! Come on! I'll give you a clue!"

There was more rustling on the intercom, and when a window a few floors up opened, the emerald eyed man looked up, and his eyebrows shot up as something was dropped out. He managed to catch the object and looked down at it, the intercom crackling again.

"Hi! How're ya doin?" She said, and Hiccup looked at his hand before jumping back.

"Ah! Beetle!"

There was laughter on the intercom and she spoke again, giggling as she did so.

"Yes! Now for part two!"

There was more rustling and Hiccup realised what was happening just as an empty carton of juice fell from the window and he chuckled, deciding to play along.

"Uhh... Beetle... Breakfast... Orange... Liquid... Beetle Juice?"

"Yes! You said it!"

"Your name's beetle juice?"

A smile stretched across his face as he heard her giggles.

"You said it two times, come on. Say it one more time!"

Hiccup grinned. This kid had good taste. Time to finish the game.

"Beetle- wait a minute it was you! You were the snake!" Hiccup could hear her cheer from the upstairs window and he chuckled to himself, enjoying the game.

"What are you talking about a snake? Pfft."

Hiccup smiled as the door beeped and swung open. After a short ride in the elevator, the pilot stepped out onto the third floor and gently knocked on the door.

"Hey... Beetle juice."

He stage whispered through the door, and he heard Emma giggle again as the door clicked and swung open. The auburn haired male looked down, and came face to face with brown hair and brown eyes.

"So you're Hiccup!" She was small, around 4 foot 5, with a wide smile on her face as Hiccup nodded. "So what's up? Where's Jack?"

Hiccup's smile faded as he knelt down to face her.

"Sweetie I need you to trust me."

28. paramore - monster (spy pt5)

Something wasn't right. The room was too still, the air un moving, the whole place; was silent. Silence in their profession only meant two things: a job well done, or something was very wrong. Noise meant they could blend in, they could disappear without a trace. Movement meant they could become someone else, they could escape quickly without drawing suspicion. So as Hiccup 'night Fury' haddock woke up to silence and stillness, his senses kicked into overdrive. Tanned skin stood out against the white sheets and his green eyes shone in the brightness of the light outside. Pain throbbed in his chest with every heartbeat and he managed to his feet, eyes blurry as his contacts fell out.

"Damn it... Where in Thor's name am I?" His voice was rough and scratchy as his hand found the door handle and pulled down, a soft click reaching his heightened ears. "Ah shit." Slowly he let go of the door handle until his hand had completely come away and he

quickly turned away, darting into a metal cabinet (which looked strangely like lead) to his right as three quick beeps filled the room and the resulting explosion rattled his bones. After making sure he was still alive and sure that he wasn't going to be impaled anytime soon, Hiccup gently pushed the door open and smiled at the destruction around him, the metal cabinet he was stood in having repelled anything.

"Ok I'll admit, if someone told me Indiana Jones would one day save my life? I'd've laughed and called them crazy." He muttered to himself before shuddering. "Awful film that one." He slowly picked his way through the rubble, realizing at last that someone had left a set of clothes out for him. After pulling them out from underneath a section of fallen plaster, the green eyed man could inspect them properly. After all, an escape in a pair of green boxers was no more practical than it was dignified, which was not at all. The black turtle-neck fit snugly but comfortably across his bruised and battered chest and the black pants looked almost tailor made for him. They molded to him, almost like a second skin, the waist and the crotch not too tight for him. He noticed darkened leather armor to one side and pulled it onto him, the red markings on his shoulder standing out threateningly against the black. Giving himself a once over in a shard of a broken mirror, Hiccup grinned. Now he looked like a Night Fury.

Making his way gingerly through the halls was a nerve wracking experience for the 21 year old, being as unarmed and injured as he was, so it was a relief when he began to hear voices.

"North I'm sure I heard something!"

"Niet jack, it is fine, I'm sure that if anything went wrong, alarms would go dah?" Hiccup winced and an arm wrapped around his ribs as he stepped into the room with the two men. Both had their backs to the door but hiccup could see that the larger man was injecting something into the recognizable agent Frost.

"Your sure this will work North? I'm tired of having to be careful with the heat." Jack sounded unsure and the man, North, chuckled slightly.

"Dah, this should vork." Hiccup waited until the substance had been injected and the needle removed before clearing his throat. North's head shot up and blue eyes stared at the much smaller male. To be fair, he did look horrendous. Plaster and paint clung to him like a second skin and he was pretty sure his usually tan skin was pale. Jack turned in his seat and looked toward Hiccup's voice, face lighting up as he spotted the smaller male.

"Freckles! Finally awake I see!" Hiccup scowled slightly and green eyes watched as the white haired agent slid off the chair and walked over to him, smile dropping slowly as he took in what the former agent looked like. "Hic what happened?" the brunette opened his mouth to speak when his eyes rolled back and a small groan left him as his knees gave out. Jack darted forward and caught him, frowning at how little the man weighed. Blue eyes locked onto Hiccup's face before he picked him up completely. He turned to North and the Cossack shrugged.

"Must be sedatives dah?" Agent Frost sighed and laid Hiccup on the

chair he previously inhabited, gently brushing auburn hair off his face as he did so.

"He's kinda pale." Jack muttered, blue eyes studying the freckled face. A blinking red light to his right caught his attention and he turned toward it. "North what is that?" North turned to the light and froze before drawing his gun.

"that is alarm. You stay here and i vill hold them off." the white haired male nodded and watched as the Santa look alike walked out. Jack pulled his gun out and placed it in the shorter male's grip. He turned toward the controls and flipped a few switches when a panel slid up that was filled with pistols and shotguns, though Jack could swear there was an RPG on the back wall.

A pair of silver pistols ended up in his grip and he tested the weight of them before nodding and pulling a desk onto it's side. A soft groan was barely heard as a loud explosion shook the room and the 22 year old scowled before pulling the dentist's chair behind a tall cabinet. The brunette on top stirred slightly but remained unconscious.

"Come out Frost! We know yer here! We just want the Dragon!" a feminine voice drifted through the door and Jack smirked.

"You never learn do you ginger? You cant keep a dragon caged!" he knew he was giving away his position but he needed to make sure they knew he didn't care.

"yer don't understand Frost! We're trying to h- ack!" the conversation was cut short and Jack blinked. Silence fell over the agent before the door burst open and a red headed girl hit the floor, black bow held tightly in her grip. Jack blinked at the image before flipping the safety off his gun.

"What's going on Princess?" the red head on the floor scowled and flipped onto her feet.

"Yer both in trouble Frost. I'm tryna help yer. We're bein played." she just finished as a huge man walked through the door.

"well look here. Two fer the price a one eh?" Jack scowled at the newcomer, his pistol trained on the male's head. The red head flipped to her feet, bow in hand and an arrow notched.

"what are yer doin Mordu! Yer swore allegiance to us! To me!" the red head yelled, anger pouring off her thin frame. Jack glanced at the other agent and adjusted his grip. Mordu laughed, guttural and animalistic.

"Sorry princess but ah was offered a better deal! One where ah dunnae have tae listen tae a wench!" Jack growled slightly and Mordu's gaze shifted back to him.

"Leave while you still can." Jack's voice was low and even the red head froze at the tone. The white haired male glared at the black haired enemy and Mordu was silent. It seemed that silence fell over the trio before the enemy began to laugh.

"ph is that hae yer wanna be laddie? Ah'd love tae see yer try.

Especially since ah have a bargaining chip." Jack's head tilted slightly as North came into view, lip busted and blood running down his face. The agents froze and Merida's bow dipped slightly. Jack's expression was icy and dangerous, his pale hand gripped around his gun. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he swore he heard a low groan from where he hid the unconscious agent but his focus was quickly back on the large men in front.

"your a dead man Mordu. I swear, by my words, you will die." Jack spoke low and threatening when North's head snapped forward, a grunt of pain escaping him. Mordu looked pleased with the small sound as he refocused his gun at the white haired elders temple.

"an how would yer do that lad? Yer stuck. An ah hold all the cards." Mordu's head tilted suddenly, a demented smile coating his expression.

>What happened next caught everyone off guard.<p>

Mordu was suddenly thrown forward, gun going wide and firing toward the two younger agents as North fell to the floor. The bear-like man growled and turned before coming face to face with a gun barrel and a blade.

Emerald green eyes were hard and calculating as Hiccup stared the male down. Mordu rose from his knee, eyes latched onto the 21 year old as his mind raced. Jack moved forward, helping the Russian find his feet while the red headed female raised her bow to Mordu's back. Hiccup was still, his body unmoving except for his chest inhaling. The silence and stillness didn't last long as Hiccup suddenly moved forward, gun trained on the hulking male's form.

Mordu seemed to expect the attack and dodged the blow, a huge fist coming down to hit the smaller in the shoulder. Hiccup dodged at the last second and twisted his way around before kicking his foot out to the back of Mordu's knees. The traitor fell to the floor again before snarling viciously and kicking his own leg out. The auburn haired male's back hit the floor and a grunt of pain escaped his lips before he was moving out from the blow to come.

Jack, North and Merida watched the ensuing fight with wide eyes and impressed expressions, Jack's glacial eyes trained on the younger male with every step, turn and lunge. Mordu realised the fight was against him and quickly backed out of the room. "I've nae time fer yer games dragon. Yer all will come back like wee lambs tae the slaughter." Hiccup's chest was heaving as he stood, green eyes locked on the male.

"And we'll defeat you then too." Hiccup's voice was steady and firm as Mordu threw something into the room and ran. Hiccup looked down before kicking whatever it was into the hall and slamming the heavy oak door shut. He yelled out as his back hit the wall beside the door.

>"move!"<p>

A bright hot light burst into the room and Hiccup's worried face was all Jack saw before he passed out in the overwhelming heat.

* * *

><p>HURRAY! Finally sorted out this chapter :')

I've got a fair way to go before i upload the next part but the Game AU Should be sorted soon

Happy Holidays people!

Mainly: Happy new year! (I know it's early but shush)

Keep calm

and

Get Drunk!

29. Youth - Daughter (Superheros AU)

Rain fell around a tall figure. A long white coat that reached the back of the figure's knees swayed slightly, brown pants clung to thin legs that bore no shoes. White hair whipped back and forth in the strong breeze, an orange glow causing everything to seem almost on fire in the setting sun, the grey clouds not affecting the piercing light. Blue eyes, surrounded by a frost like mask that covered most of his face, surveyed the area that was doused in rubble and dust, a blanket of destruction and fear almost. Pale, cracked lips parted and a chocked sob escaped from warm lungs as a pale hand lifted into the sunlight. Almost immediately a sheen of delicate frost encased the appendage causing the male to gasp almost painfully, a mournful keen forcing it's way into the dying light. Glacial eyes widened as air suddenly seemed in shortage and his chest heaved, panic setting into his frame and mind. Knees began to buckle and gravity took hold.

Just as he touched the floor, a pair of tanned arms caught him, looped around his torso and under his arms, Holding him up by sheer will. The white haired male continued to heave through corrupted lungs as he was turned to face a male with striking green eyes and brunette hair. The brunette had a scar on his face, just under his lip that had faded with time but still just about visible. Blue eyes flicked to the green and the tanned male placed his hands on the white-ette's face.

"Calm down. Shh now, your safe." the brunette muttered, his voice deep and soothing almost while still slightly nasally. A black mask stretched across his face, giving his face a rather angular look, the material looking almost lizard-like. Pale fingers gripped at a black jacket, a silver zip stretching from the neck of the jacket to the left side of his chest. His legs were clad in a dark material, black almost and his feet were mismatched. One held a black boot that seemed to be part of the male's actual leg while the other stopped rather abruptly, replaced by a silver prosthetic.

The white haired male gasped again and opened his mouth to speak when something fell in the rubble. Both male's heads whipped around to see the source of the noise when a black mass shot out from underneath the mess of concrete. The black mass shot up into the air before falling back to the air slowly, almost looking like snowflakes. The white-ette's breathing had went from uneven and reckless to nearly non existent. Green eyes flicked to blue before they both stood. The

black snowflakes began to form a figure and the white-ette flicked his hand to the side where, in a flash of white light, a long wooden staff appeared crackling with power. The brunette however had reached to his side and pulled out a sword which, once drawn, had burst into flame. Green eyes suddenly slit and blue lines suddenly began to glow on the tanned male's skin.

The snowflakes suddenly swelled outwards and exploded, the two males throwing up an arm to stop the black substance getting into their eyes. As they looked again, a tall man stood, skin an ashen grey with golden eyes. The white-ette stiffened slightly, a design of frost travelling across and down his white coat until the tanned male took his hand. Blue eyes met Cat-like green.

"I believe in you Jack." The pale man, Jack's, heart lurched and he nodded once firmly before turning his gaze back on the grey man in front.

"Let's get him Hic." The tanned male smirked and mirrored Jack with a single nod. The grey man smirked before raising a black clad arm, black sand rising with his command and forming a long scythe which glinted in the red skies and rain. Jack was the first to move, kicking off into the air where the wind seemed to support him before he dove down, staff crackling with white energy before it lept out at the dark man who, in response, flung his scythe toward the energy and deflected it away and toward the brunette on the concrete platform. There was a flash of purple and the white energy dispersed in a cloud of steam. It quickly dissapeared to show the male still stood in the same position as before. The sword was at his side as he crouched slightly, a snarl slipping past thin lips and white teeth.

Jack flung himself at the dark man and brought his staff down to clash against the black weapon, only to be forced back when the man's other arm changed into a long black blade reaching from his elbow to just above his fingertips. Blue eyes latched onto Green and a subtle nod passed between them simultaneously. As Jack was forced back into the air, the brunette darted forward with terrifying speed, sword swinging forward in a low arc, orange flame dancing in the air in a following sweep to then collide with the blade on the other's arm. The fire danced across the appendage before dispersing and black sand flew up to knock him back.

"Hiccup!" Jack's voice rang out and green eyes widened as he noticed the scythe swinging down toward him. His blade darted forward and managed to nick the arm holding the weapon. A snarl of pain escaped the ashen skinned male before he raised both his arms, black sand whirling around him and lifting him into the air. Jack darted to Hiccup's side, shaking arms helping up the brunette and they both watched as the dark man grinned wickedly before the sand rose up and dove down toward them. The two men donned determined faces and readied their wepons, firing off into the onslaught, swirls of white and purple dancing through the air before exploding on contact with the black mass before them. Parts of the sand either froze over or became as still as glass, either way falling to the floor to shatter through the deafening silence as both sides paused.

The ashen skinned man's lips pulled back to reveal blackened and broken teeth before the sand they thought they had disposed of rose from the broken caskets on the floor to join the mass above. Both

sets of eyes widened before a breath of resignation left them. A tanned hand gripped at Pale appendages and the sun disappeared below the sky line as the black sand dove toward them.

"just remember, you caused this." The ashen man's voice rang out, seemingly all around them and echoing within their minds, both sets of eyes shut tight against the coming pain before everything went black.

* * *

><p>So hey guys!

i feel so guilty for leaving this so long...

I could go on about how i've been swamped with work and life and shiz but...

You don't want to hear excuses right?

So i feel like i should get back into the swing of things...

Sure it wont be as... well... semi- regular as it used to be (Redbull does nothing anymore D:)

But... in good news i have this... and a ridiculous amount of new songs...

Also for that one guest who requested lana del ray, I might just have something for you...

Long time overdue but shush.. Better late than never right?

As always mon Ami!

See ya'll soon... i promise this time.

End
file.